The Outlook

Vol. 71 August 9, 1902 No. 15

CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

The Coal Strike 897
Iowa Republicans 897
The Rock Island Plan 898
Mediaevalism in New York City 898
President Schurman 899
Archbishop Ireland 900
The Anti-Imperialists' "Facts" 900
Revolutionary Disturbances 901
The Canadian Atlantic Steamers 901
The Country Without Strikes 902
Mr. Chamberlain's Policy 903
French Schools 903
Vibert 904
Cardinal Gotti 904
Religious Opportunities in China 904
Religious Progress in Uganda 905
The Jewish Chautauqua Assembly 905
Drs. Adams and Baldwin 906

EDITORIALS:

Southern Protest Against Child Labor ... 906
Literature in a Democracy 908
What is a Christian? 909
The Spectator 912

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

The Reminiscences of a Chartist Tailor .. 915
By Robert Crowe
The Tragedy of Pelée. VII.—The Wrecked City 920
By George Kennan
Ascent in Joy 926
A Sermon by Lyman Abbott
Columbine 929
By Katharine Holland Brown
Young Men's Leagues for Small Towns . 933
By Calvin Dill Wilson
A New Poet 935
By James Lane Allen
BOOKS OF THE WEEK 938
NOTES AND QUERIES 942

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Disorder in the Mining Regions

Last week the miners' strike was disgraced by serious rioting. Two non-union men at Shenandoah who were attempting to pass the strikers' pickets under the escort of a deputy sheriff were set upon by the strikers, and one of them, according to the despatches, "beaten almost to death." When the officer defended his charge by the use of his revolver a great mob gathered, from which he and one of his men fled for refuge to a near-by railway station. Here they were instantly imprisoned by the mob, and when the sheriff's brother attempted to go to their relief he was seized and clubbed into insensibility. From the wounds received this victim died on the following day. Meanwhile an engine sent to release the sheriff and his protégé was surrounded by a hostile crowd, and did not make its way through until the police had fired a volley, temporarily dispersing the crowd. The police then became the objects of the mob's wrath, and were greeted with volleys of stones, to which they responded by counter-volleys from their revolvers. The policemen did not make good their escape until two of their number had been caught by the mob and beaten. The first day's despatches indicated that forty strikers and four policemen were injured in the conflict—two of the latter perhaps fatally. The next day's report, however, indicated that the injuries sustained had been exaggerated. Nevertheless the situation was disgraceful enough, and the Governor of the State called out two regiments of militia to maintain order. The officers of the union realized the seriousness of the blow to their cause, and issued appeals to the members of the union to devote new zeal to the preservation of order. President Mitchell declared that the strikers guilty of lawbreaking were the most dangerous of strike-breakers, and in support of this declaration called attention to the welcome and exaggeration which news of the outbreak of rioting received from those who would crush the union. Apparently the leaders, at least, of organized labor are thoroughly learning the lesson that the American public will not tolerate lawlessness. It is ready to discuss the changing of the law so as to secure the better treatment of labor, but the breaking of the law is an attack upon the whole public, which the whole public—apart from the lawbreaking class—is bound to resent.

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Iowa Republicans for Tariff Revision

Though the Iowa Republican Convention this year nominated only minor State officers, its proceedings had an unusual National significance. The nomination of Governor Cummins a year ago marked the triumph of the anti-monopoly element within the party, and was accompanied by the adoption of a platform demanding the reform, not only of railway abuses within the control of the State, but also of tariff abuses requiring National action. As no Congress was to be elected last year, this latter portion of the platform did not receive the attention it deserved. This year, however, at the very beginning of the campaign it became evident that the leaders of the conservative wing of the party were leaving no stone unturned to prevent the reassertion of last year's doctrine regarding the tariff. Speaker Henderson, Secretary Wilson, Secretary Shaw, and Senator Allison were all ranked—at least in the popular mind—among the opponents of reaffirmation. On the side of tariff revision the leader was again Governor Cummins, and supporting him were Director of the Mint Roberts and (though less aggressively) Senator Dolliver. The

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contest in the Committee on Resolutions was long and stubborn, but in the end the Governor triumphed, and last year's resolutions were readopted and supplemented by a new clause praising President Roosevelt's hostility toward trust abuses. The significant plank reads as follows:

> We assert the sovereignty of the people over all corporations and aggregations of capital, and the right residing in the people to enforce such regulations, restrictions, or prohibitions upon corporate management as will protect the individual and society from abuse of the power which great combinations of capital wield. We favor such amendment of the Inter-State Commerce Act as will more fully carry out its prohibition of discrimination in rate-making, and any modification of the tariff schedules that may be required to prevent their affording shelter to monopoly.

It was the last lines especially which had provoked the opposition of the extreme protectionists. This reaffirmation after the contest signifies that the rank and file of Iowa Republicans will not sanction the use of the tariff to protect trusts in charging higher prices to the American people than they take for their goods in the foreign market. If they are able to sell abroad after paying transportation charges, they do not need a tariff to protect them against foreign competition in the home market.

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The Rock Island Inflation Plan

On Thursday of last week the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad Company announced its transformation first into the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway Company of Iowa, and next into the Rock Island Company of New Jersey. For each $100 share of the present $75,000,000 common stock the new company will deliver $100 in its four per cent. gold bonds of 2002, $75 in the preferred stock, and $100 in the common stock of the Rock Island Company of New Jersey—in other words, a gift outright of $75,000,000 common and $56,000,000 preferred stock to the shareholders of the existing company. The present non-cumulative common stock, now paying five per cent., would be replaced by a bond paying four and a preferred stock which may pay four, not to mention the new common stock. The provisions of the proposal which have excited just hostility are: (1) The inflation or watering of capital to three times the present amount without any additional value contributed, or, to put it another way, the loading of the company with an enormous debt without any return assets; (2) the non-voting power of the common stock, the directors having real power being voted for only by the preferred stock; (3) the denial to any stockholder of the right to examine the books of the company, except with a director's permit; (4) the permission to the directors to buy and sell the stock of the company for the company. The result of this scheme is that, according to the constitution of the new Rock Island Board, the men owning a majority interest in the preferred stock receive absolute control of this great property. The new preferred stock represents, if not pure water, certainly not more than a third interest in the property, yet control of anything more than a half of this third gives its possessors almost limitless powers over the whole. No such brazen scheme to centralize railway management in the hands of minority interests has been proposed for many years, and the plan is meeting with the condemnation of conservative financiers. The consuming public as well as the investing public is naturally aroused, since one effect of the tremendous stock and bond inflation would be to conceal the magnitude of future dividends and make difficult public control of rates. Fortunately, Governor Cummins, of Iowa, is alive to this side of the situation, and has promised to oppose the consummation of the scheme by all the power at his command. Taking it all in all, the chief evil will probably be found to be not so much in the perilous inflation proposed as in the dangerous precedent set to other corporations.

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Mediævalism in New York City

Fifty thousand Jews in a long, tortuous, confused, tumultuous procession winding through narrow city steeets, old men with long gray beards, middle-aged men, women, children, with their Semitic countenances and dress, all struggling to touch the hearse that preceded them, the shouts and cries of mourners, the wailing of the ancient Hebrew chants by choirs of boys, the Jewish gestures and contortions betokening grief, all because, resting in a plain, uninscribed pine coffin, the body of Rabbi Joseph was on its way to

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the grave—this seems like a transcript from the life of a mediæval city, or it might be of Alexandria of the first century, or of Babylon nearly twenty-five hundred years ago. In fact, it was an event of last week in the cosmopolitan city of New York. Mingled with such memorials of the middle ages and antiquity were features crudely modern. A great printing-press factory, blue-coated Irish policemen, telephones, steam ferry-boats, and trolley cars entered into this moving picture before it was ended. As the procession passed the factory, boys and men yelled their jeers and gibes from the windows at the passing funeral crowds and threw down upon them waste and rubbish and water-soaked rags. The Jews, used though they were to contempt and insult, were roused by this indignity to their dead leader, and, turning, charged the factory. Instantly there was a riot. Elemental passions, that belong to no time or country, were let loose. The accompanying police-guard was insufficient. Telephone messages summoned reinforcements. Meantime the operatives hauled out the fire hose and were soon playing streams of water upon the crowd. Hundreds of windows were broken. Policemen attacked the mob with their clubs. Men were trampled in the street. Thieves and pickpockets, by some considered the chief instigators of the riot, under cover of the confusion made way with their booty. Finally the mob was quelled and the procession, considerably diminished, continued on its way. Thousands of Jews found their way over the ferries to Brooklyn and in the electric cars to the cemetery. There the final ceremonies were observed. The crowd, too numerous to assemble about one speaker, gathered in groups, each about some volunteer eulogist. At last, wearied as much with the violence of their mourning as with the violence of their conflict, the Jews scattered to their homes. Much discussion has arisen as to the cause of the riot—whether it was race hatred on the part of the operatives, or retaliation on the part of the Jews because of past injuries, or the scheme of crooks to make an occasion of thieving, or simply the love of lawlessness that is inflamed by the presence of any ill-controlled multitude. It seems hardly possible, however, that a procession of Irishmen, for instance, would have been thus attacked. The police authorities of New York are making an investigation into the causes of the disturbance and the conduct of the police. As an incident of the city's history it will soon pass out of mind. It is nevertheless a reminder of the persistence with which the Jewish people, especially the more ignorant, such as these dwellers in the lower East Side are, hold to their racial and religious observances.

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President Schurman on the Philippines

During the past few days two addresses of peculiar pertinence have been made concerning the Philippines, one touching the political, the other the religious, conditions. The first address was that of President Schurman, of Cornell University, at Chautauqua. We quote its most significant passages:

It is idle now to discuss the wisdom or the unwisdom of our acceptance of Spain's cession of sovereignty over the archipelago. The fact of our sovereignty is indisputably established both by the force of treaty and the force of arms. . . . I believe that President Roosevelt's attitude toward the Philippine question, indicated in his first message to Congress and in his Arlington speech, his punishment of army officers who have been proved guilty of cruelty toward Filipinos, and his constant support of a liberal and enlightened Philippine policy in general, combined with the passage by Congress of the Philippine Civil Government Bill, will have the effect of eliminating the Philippines as a political issue for at least three or four years. Even those who favor independence cannot raise the question till that native legislative assembly has voiced the sentiments of the Filipinos on the subject and also demonstrated, by wise and prudent use of the legislative powers it enjoys, that it is fit to receive a larger grant of home rule. . . . For one, I have always made increasing home rule and eventual independence conditional upon, first, the desires, and, secondly, the demonstrated capacities, of the Filipinos; and it is my firm belief that the American people will never concede those ineffable blessings in the absence of these reasonable conditions. . . . Practically all fundamental Philippine questions, apart from the supreme question of independence or Statehood, have now been settled. The Filipinos wanted religious liberty, personal freedom, freedom of speech, and other civil rights, a native legislative assembly, and territorial home rule; and these have all been conceded to them by the Civil Government Bill recently signed by President Roosevelt. In the long run, of course, the Filipinos must be given either Statehood in the American

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Union or independence—an independence which may be actual and open like that of Cuba, or actual and veiled like that of Canada. But till their native legislative assembly is organized in 1904, and for a few years thereafter, this can scarcely be a practical issue, and for the meantime the Philippines will disappear as an issue in American politics.

This comes not only from the President of the first Philippines Commission, but also from one whose recent comments on the Government's policy have attracted such wide attention that he has even been claimed as an ally by the so-called "anti-imperialists."

❀

Archbishop Ireland on the Philippines

The second address was by the Roman Catholic Archbishop Ireland on the following day at Minneapolis. Following his recent sermon on the same subject, the prelate's words will command deserved respect. "The interests of the Catholic Church, it is said, are made to suffer at the hands of the Government," the Archbishop began, "and the call to arms is sounded from the rostrums of Catholic societies and through the columns of Catholic papers to the perturbation of the whole Catholic body, and, indeed, of the whole country. Who are they who complain and protest and call on Catholics to be up and doing?

"Has the Sovereign Pontiff spoken? Certainly he has not complained; rather he has been heard from in very different tones. Have the ecclesiastical authorities in the dependencies invoked our aid? In no instance have they so acted. Where they have been heard from, as in the case of Porto Rico and of Cuba, it was to tell us in plainest words that they had no grievance, although from irresponsible sources it had been on several previous occasions dinned into our ears that the Church was robbed and persecuted in both these islands. Bishop Blenck, of Porto Rico, openly rejoices that the American flag, rather than the Spanish, guards his diocese, and the hierarchy in Cuba are thanking God that Church interests there were settled by the Government of Washington before a Cuban Parliament was allowed to sit down in Havana. Whatever complaints have been heard come from individual Catholics or from societies of Catholics. In neither case is there warrant to represent others than the men themselves, or the societies themselves, who do speak. Societies of Catholics are organized for purposes of their own, usually with the intent to secure special aid or comfort to such as are members thereof. Restricted to those purposes they are within their sphere and are entitled to respect. To venture beyond those purposes and assume general direction of the Church is quite another thing."

Archbishop Ireland solemnly warned his co-religionists that the simplest approach among them to form a political party on the basis of religious interests would be fatal to those interests and fatal to public peace. "Let justice be done to America; in no other country is there a government so fair-minded, so willing to treat all classes of citizens with absolute justice, as that with which we are blessed. . . . And let Catholics be careful lest by imprudent agitation and repeated mistrust of the Government of America they instill into the minds of many of their fellow-citizens the notion that as Catholics they are disposed to form themselves into a people apart, ever dissatisfied with America and its institutions, ever ready to complain, ever anxious to find a plea upon which to rest their murmurings." All observers must recognize the fact which Archbishop Ireland did well to emphasize, namely, that to be one with the country is the lesson which Pope Leo is ceaselessly teaching Roman Catholics in every land. "It is," says the Archbishop, "the lesson which I am confident he would wish Catholics in America to take to heart and practice, even were there in so doing some sacrifice to be made."

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The Anti-Imperialists' "Facts"

Last week there was published an open letter to President Roosevelt signed by Messrs. C. F. Adams, Carl Schurz, E. B. Smith, Moorfield Storey, and Herbert Welsh, constituting a committee appointed last April at a conference of anti-imperialists in New York, and instructed "to effect a full disclosure of the facts connected with processes and executions in the course of military operations in the Philippine Islands." This committee express their gratification at the President's action in reviewing the court martial of General J. H. Smith, as well as his "very commendable reminder" to other officers of their duty in exercising moral restraint over their subordinates; they "believe they have reason to say," however, that, contrary to the impression given by the review, the facts in that case were "notorious rather than exceptional," though they admit that they have not the

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means of information that the President has; they refer to the investigation by the Senate Philippine Committee and express abhorrence at statements then made, and thereupon make unsupported assertions as to what has been the "general practice;" they indirectly attack the Secretary of War for ignoring "what correspondents brought to his notice," and for commending what was reprehensible; and they classify under general terms certain "criminal acts" which they say would be demonstrated by an investigation, which they vaguely offer to promote, of certain "concrete cases" unspecified. Just how this letter effects "a full disclosure of facts" it has not yet been shown. The New York "Evening Post," which is in sympathy with the signers of this letter, admits with very good grace, but without a trace of humor, that the writing of such a letter "without precise specification of time and place and person" was a "tactical mistake." Their letter is, indeed, characteristic. The only statements they offer as "facts" are old opinions; the only thing they praise is censure; the only man they honor—the President—they also patronize; the only way in which they charitably modify their charge of hypocrisy which they bring against the Administration is by suggesting the possible alternative of inefficiency; and the only "responsible persons" they openly recognize as being ruled by conscience in the treatment of the Philippines are themselves. Although they have concerned themselves with disparaging other people's motives, they have presented their conclusions, so their apologist, the "Evening Post," has said, "in a way to allow neither their motives nor their patriotism to be suspected," and it still soberly adds, "This is one of the most difficult arts known to the statesman." Certainly their lack of the sense of humor is as evident as their patriotism and their sincerity. That any men, however, should seriously write such a letter as this to the President, insisting that the service in the Philippines is utterly demoralized, without in the slightest degree recognizing the fact of the introduction of schools, the improvement in sanitation and hygienic conditions in the islands, and the general establishment of courts of justice and of civil government—all the outcome of the military operations there—indicates that they lack something more than the sense of humor.

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Revolutionary Disturbances in Venezuela, Colombia and Hayti

The unreliability of news from countries where revolutionary movements are common makes definite knowledge as to the course of the disturbances in Hayti, Colombia, and Venezuela impossible. Over a month ago reports from the latter country suggested a possible siege of Caracas by the revolutionary forces. Last Saturday the State Department at Washington received a despatch from the United States Minister at Caracas stating that the revolutionary army was supposed to be about one hundred miles distant. The American gunboat Marietta has been ordered to go to the Orinoco River, which has been declared under blockade by the Government of Venezuela. From Agua Dulce, Colombia, has come the report of a battle, described as fierce and barbarous, between the army of the Government and that of the revolutionists. In Hayti the forces of General Salnave, supporting the efforts of M. Firmin to obtain the Presidency, which were reported to have defeated the troops of the provisional government a week ago, are now said to have been defeated and driven "five leagues from Cape Haitien." The United States gunboat which arrived at Cape Haitien last week has been the chief assurance for the safety of foreigners there, no other power being represented by a war-ship.

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The Canadian Atlantic Steamers

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has offered to provide a first-class service of steamships, both passenger and freight, between Liverpool and Quebec in summer and between Liverpool and Halifax in winter if the British Government will subsidize the line. The Dominion Government has already been authorized to grant an annual subsidy of $750,000 for a fast Atlantic service, and it is tolerably certain that the Cabinet in London was approached by the Canadian Ministers now in that city and the necessary consent gained before the railway company's offer was made. The offer was, in fact, made with the approval of

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Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues, and may be considered as practically a Government project in which the mother country has been asked to join. One motive of the offer is not far to seek. Mr. Morgan's combination is partly responsible for the Canadian ambition to have a fast service, and from what is known of the efforts now being made in London to form a rival combination it is safe to say that the proposed line will be part of the latter. The successful experience of the Canadian Pacific Railway in building and maintaining an excellent ocean service between Vancouver, in British Columbia, and Japan is sufficient guarantee that the proposed Atlantic service will be of high grade in speed and appointments; indeed, it would be useless for it to attempt to rank as a competitor of the Morgan combination unless it met all the latest and newest requirements. The presence of the colonial premiers in London has probably accomplished a revival of the feeling in favor of subsidies by giving the whole question a note of urgency on the political and imperial side, and the Canadian offer is the first result of this. Australia, New Zealand, and the South African colonies are expected to follow the Canadian example. This is perhaps the only subject upon which the colonial premiers are agreed. The opposition to the Canadian Pacific Railway's offer which has since developed among Montreal and Liverpool lines was to be expected, as any of them would covet the distinction of a government subsidy; but the Canadian opposition is likely to amount to very little, as none of the rival lines command the resources of the railway company.

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The Country Without Strikes

The report made by Mr. Henry D. Lloyd in his "Newest England" in regard to the successful working of the compulsory arbitration law in New Zealand has received striking confirmation in the report just made by a commission appointed by the Victorian Parliament to inquire into the same matter. The Victorian commission spent a long time in New Zealand, and took the testimony of all sorts and conditions of men, including the officers of Chambers of Commerce, taxpayers' associations, and labor unions. Of the many witnesses examined, only one disputed the soundness of the principle on which the new system is based, or desired a return to the old order. The details of the act were criticised, amendments were suggested, the bungling of individual administrators was condemned, but the principle that trade disputes should be settled by arbitration instead of war, and that work should go on pending settlement, was accepted on nearly all hands. One of the New York dailies, which scoffed at Mr. Lloyd's report, respectfully summarizes the conclusions of the Victorian commission, and merely warns its readers that the trial of the new system is not complete until it has stood the test of hard times. This warning, it may be recalled, was also given by The Outlook when it first welcomed Mr. Lloyd's convincing evidence that the New Zealand experiment was likely to prove an epoch-making event in the shaping of industrial relations. Even this fear, however, respecting the future operation of the new law is not cherished by Secretary Roberts, of the Canterbury Typographical Association of Christ Church, New Zealand, whose report was published in one of the recent issues of the New York "Labor Bulletin." Says Secretary Roberts:

> The unions are saved a lot of expense by the fact that in cases of dispute work goes on without interruption until the award is given, which then becomes enforceable by law. Speaking generally, I think the act has proved a great blessing to New Zealand workmen. As a natural consequence it must be of benefit to employers, for if depression follows the prosperous times we are now enjoying they will have a right to ask that the wages of their workmen be reduced, and they will secure this without having the expense and annoyance of a strike forced on top of their business depression.

If this anticipation is fulfilled, the New Zealand law is sure of transplantation upon this side of the globe. Even now, we are informed, the Ministry of Ontario is considering its application to the railway industry in that province; and the continuance of the coal strike is causing a steadily rising volume of protests against public toleration of private warfare when the public service is thereby prevented. The following sentence from an editorial in the New York "Evening Post" last

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week indicates the trend of opinion in the most conservative circles: "He knows little of the temper of the American people who supposes that they will permanently permit a small group of men, at their pleasure and for as long as they like, to keep them from having, on reasonable terms, the fuel which is essential to national comfort."

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Mr. Chamberlain's Present Boer Policy

Last week, in the House of Commons, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, British Colonial Secretary, made a speech which, in point of liberality, may be accounted his most notable utterance. If it disappointed the advocates of ultra-vigorous measures, it won applause from such opponents as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader, and Mr. Labouchere, the well-known Radical. Regarding South Africa, Mr. Chamberlain declared that the Government would refuse to allow the return of persons who showed themselves inimical to good order and peace. "We are not going to allow the result of the war to be undermined," said he, "through intrigues carried on by nominally constitutional means." The Secretary proclaimed that the Imperial Government had established there a crown colony in the strictest sense, but that the next step would be to add a nominating official element. Thereafter an elective official element would be instituted, and then nothing but circumstances and time would separate the new colonies from full self-government, the ultimate goal of their ambition. That consummation would not be delayed, if for no other reason because it would relieve the Imperial Government of the tremendous responsibility involved in the present situation. The speaker even declared himself to be one of those optimistic enough to believe that the new colonies would reach the goal of their ambition much sooner than many persons now thought possible. So far as the Imperial Government was concerned, the surrender promises would be kept in spirit as well as in letter. There remain, however, two chief questions. The new tariff must be arranged, and the taxation of the mines must be settled. Mr. Chamberlain thought that it would be fair to lay part of the cost of the war on the principal industry of the Transvaal. Dealing with the much-discussed labor question, Mr. Chamberlain said that he would offer to the blacks every inducement to work, but would not support any scheme of compulsory labor. The Secretary added: "We have no intention that the Boers should break with their old traditions. We desire that they should preserve all the best characteristics of their race, and hope that they will shake hands with us, thus securing prosperity in South Africa under the flag which protects different races and different religions."

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The Religious Schools of France

On Saturday of last week a committee from the French Chamber of Deputies visited Prime Minister Combes to ascertain the Government's further attitude toward the religious schools. M. Combes informed the committee that application for organization for the closed schools could not suspend the action of the Associations Law, and that such schools would not be allowed to reopen until the Council of State had rendered decisions regarding these applications. They might, however, reopen with lay staffs, and he was considering means to expedite the consideration of applications by the Council of State. Several thousand such applications are now awaiting attention. The school excitement in Paris is apparently a thing of the past—Parisian excitements hardly last longer than a week—but in the remote districts of western Brittany the sturdy peasantry continue to guard with scythes and pitchforks the schools presided over by the nuns, and are as determined as ever to prevent the closing of them. The scenes of the Vendean wars are recalled. The Associations Act, which has caused this trouble, became law a year ago. Its just requirements were that all associations, under penalty of legal dissolution, should be registered, and should publish their articles of association, together with their rules of procedure. Owing to the outrageous interference of some of the monastic orders with State affairs, involving ingenious plots for the overthrow of the Republic, the Act seemed to be directed

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chiefly against these orders; it left the position of the regular clergy untouched.

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Vibert By the death of Jean Georges Vibert France loses a genre painter who picturesquely reflected some of the religious and political questions which have agitated that country. His attempt at the historical and symbolical in the "Apotheosis of Thiers" (Luxembourg, Paris) is his only notable work in this direction; he is best known by the long list of satirical compositions which have found favor on both sides of the Atlantic. The painter, however, was never satisfied that any one of his sketches should be purely satirical; he had as much humor as satire, and his studies were piquantly pleasant compositions. They were almost invariably small; for Vibert, with much shrewdness, soon discovered that a small picture telling an anecdote with cleverness and directness was generally sure to find a ready market and a good price, if not in France, at least in England and America, where the love of the anecdotal is perhaps greater. Vibert will always be best known by his sketches of monks and priests and prelates—indeed, he painted cardinals so much that a certain tone of red has become known by his own name. The main criticism of his work has been that his tones were often not sufficiently rich and harmonious. Some of his pictures are even flat and hard, a proof being found in the fact that a color-print after one of them is almost as good as the original. These canvases, however, are not to be classed with the best Vibert pictures, in which the quality of draughtsmanship and brush-work was sometimes compared to Meissonier's.

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Cardinal Gotti The appointment of Cardinal Gotti as Prefect of the Propaganda, to succeed the late Cardinal Ledochowski, is of far more than ordinary interest. The office of Prefect of the Propaganda, the head of Roman Catholic missions throughout the world, is one of special note to America, since probably no country now offers so many interesting problems to Roman Catholic ecclesiastics and missionaries as does our own. We are therefore likely to hear much of Cardinal Gotti in this country, and while his influence on the settlement of the vexed Philippines problem will be weighty, he is undoubtedly too much of a diplomat to come in conflict with the American branch of the Roman Catholic Church. It had been supposed by some that, from his experience as the first resident Delegate Apostolic in America, Cardinal Satolli might become the new Prefect. But Leo XIII. has ruled otherwise, and with probable benefit to the Church at large; for, with all his acuteness and brilliancy, Cardinal Satolli may not command the confidence of all schools of thought and action within the Church as does Cardinal Gotti. The latter was born in poverty at Genoa, but succeeded in obtaining entrance to a school in which he showed such rare proficiency that his future was soon assured. Although he took orders, he did not lose affection for a favorite study, mathematics, and, applying to the Government for the privilege of teaching it in the Naval College at Genoa, received the desired permission; some of his pupils are now commanders of Italian war-ships. Entering the Carmelite Order, he was advanced to the Procuratorship and finally to the Generalship of that order. Ten years ago the Pope sent him on a mission to Brazil. Cardinal Gotti remained three years in South America, bringing about peace between the civil and religious authorities, and also doing much in restoring discipline among the latter. On this and other occasions he displayed diplomatic qualities of the highest order.

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Religious Opportunities in China Last week The Outlook referred to the plan of the Rev. Griffith John to establish at Hankau a college for native workers. Since then a pastoral letter from the Protestant Episcopal Bishop at Hankau has been published, confirming Mr. John's statement of present needs and opportunities in China. The land seems open as never before for evangelistic, educational, and medical work. Bishop Ingle says, as reported in "The Progress of the Kingdom," that an adequate number of native mission workers could be secured if more

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men and women from the United States would go to train them, and to direct them when trained, for it requires years to prepare native workers. Since the Boxer rebellion it is evident that the need for native workers is greater than ever. The Bishop desires to see a body of Christian Chinese large enough and ready at a moment's notice, so that if all the foreigners should be withdrawn from China the activities of the Church would go on steadily. Dr. Ingle well says that the native workers form "the only absolutely indispensable arm of the service," and adds that if foreign missionaries did nothing more than to train native workers the support of missionaries in China would be amply justified, for these natives are men and women who are to lead the Chinese not only out of the spiritual and moral bondage but also out of the intellectual bondage which now enslaves them. The native workers speak to their own people in a native rather than in an acquired tongue, and know the Chinese habits of thought as no foreigner can possibly know them. The appeals from these well-known Hankau missionaries should not go unheeded.

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Religious Progress in Uganda

A like appeal comes from a medical missionary, Dr. O. R. Cook, of Mengo, the native capital of Uganda. He declares that the present opportunity must not be lost for training a band of native Christians who shall, in their turn, educate and evangelize East Africa. Uganda is that part of Africa under British administration comprising the Nile territory from the river's exit from Lake Victoria to Gondokoro, where the Egyptian Sudan begins—an area of nearly a hundred and fifty thousand miles. Nile steamers ply between Khartûm, the capital of the Sudan, and Gondokoro. In Uganda, as in China, the most far-reaching work is now being done by the natives. In the African province there are now twenty-seven native clergy and two thousand native teachers. Without this native support the wonderful work of the foreign missionaries could not have been accomplished. Ten years ago there was but one church for the three million natives in Uganda, now there are more than seven hundred; then there were only two hundred baptized native converts, now they exceed thirty thousand; then there were only twenty native teachers, now they number over two thousand. Best of all, this magnificent work is self-supporting. From Dr. Cook's article, published in the "Missionary Review," we see that a prime cause of the success has been in the work of the medical missions. The first medical missionary to arrive was Dr. Felkin, one of the authors of "Uganda and the Central Sudan." Dr. Felkin went out nearly twenty years ago. The Mengo mission dates from 1897—even as late as that date the journey from the coast required three months; it is now made by the Uganda Railway, just completed, in four days.

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The Jewish Chautauqua Assembly

The most eminent representatives of American Judaism are drawn together by the annual meetings of its Chautauqua Assembly at Atlantic City, N. J., the sixth of which closed its three weeks' session July 27. A forum is here open for the discussion of all that affects the progress and welfare of the Jewish people, and neither the orthodox nor the reforming party neglects the opportunity it gives. The programme of the Assembly lay foursquare on the fields of education, literature, philanthropy, and religion. A week was devoted to subjects of practical philanthropy. In this matter a discussion arose on the report made by Rabbi Martin A. Meyer concerning the Jewish population of Jerusalem. He described them as morally corrupt, a disgrace to the Jewish name, and declared that the large sums, aggregating about a million dollars, sent thither as charity from various parts of the world were very largely misapplied. These statements were strongly controverted, but it was agreed that the work done by the Alliance Israelite Universelle in Jerusalem must be investigated. The discussion led to the subject of Zionism, which Rabbi Meyer described as unpopular in Jerusalem. There are twenty-six Jewish colonies now in Palestine, aggregating five thousand people, but, as he said, through lack of honest administration and difficulties with Muslim neighbors, not in a hopeful condition. The

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work of the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Society in this country is reported as prospering in its task of relieving the congestion of population in the Ghettos, or Jewish quarters, of Philadelphia and New York. Jewish families have been removed from these cities to nearly every State in the Union. But more than one speaker contended that the solution of the Ghetto problem is in the education rather than in the dispersion of its population. Another serious question was raised by Dr. Kohler, of the Temple Beth-El in New York, in a paper on the attitude of non-Jewish scholars to Jewish literature. He characterized this as incorrigibly prejudiced and partisan, even in the case of such scholars as Professor Harnack and Professor Toy, though the latter, in his "Judaism and Christianity," had been the fairest of all. This Chautauqua represents the forward movement of Judaism.

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Drs. Adams and Baldwin Dr. Charles Kendall Adams, who died on Saturday, July 26, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, at Redlands, California, spent his life in academic circles. No less than five universities honored him either by placing him on their faculties or granting him a degree. He was born in Vermont, and was graduated from the University of Michigan. At various times he was instructor in history and Latin, professor of history and dean of the School of Political Science at the University of Michigan, non-resident professor of history and later President of the University at Cornell, and at the time of his death President of the University of Wisconsin. His doctorate of laws he received both from the original University of Chicago and from Harvard. He wrote a number of books on subjects in history and in education.——The Rev. Dr. Stephen Livingston Baldwin died in Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 28. He was born in 1835. Before entering the ministry he was a printer, as his father was. When in 1859 he became a Methodist missionary to China, he used his knowledge of the printer's trade, which he increased by special study at a type-foundry, to take lead type to Fuchau (in this respect he was a pioneer) for the purpose of printing the Bible in Chinese. He was unusually successful in learning the language, and assisted in translating the Bible and other works into the Fuchau dialect—one of the colloquial dialects of the province of Fukien. After about twenty years of missionary service, terminated by illness in his family, he became a pastor in America, serving churches in New Jersey and New England. In 1888 he became Recording Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, an office he held until his death. Here his personal knowledge of missionary work as well as his capacity for detail made his influence wide-felt. Many tributes to his unselfishness, equanimity, and sagacity have been called forth by his death, but none more remarkable than the following from the Board of Foreign Missions, not of his own but of the Presbyterian Church: "Probably a greater number of missionaries relied upon his sympathy and judgment than upon that of any other living man."

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Southern Protest Against Child Labor

The movement against child labor is gaining unexpected strength at the South. Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy, Secretary of the Southern Education Society and Chairman of the Alabama committee which for two years has been organizing the moral forces of its State and section against the imprisonment of half-grown children in the cotton-factories, has just issued another stirring pamphlet pointing out the headway which the reform is making and exposing the growing confusion in the ranks of the opposition. The pamphlet begins with a resolution adopted by a two-thirds majority in the recent Democratic Convention in South Carolina. This resolution reads as follows:

> Resolved by the Democratic party of South Carolina, in convention assembled, that it is the sense of this Convention that the General Assembly of this State should and ought to pass an appropriate law prohibiting the employment of children under twelve in the manufacturing establishments of the State.

Since Mr. Murphy's pamphlet was written, a resolution almost identical in form and substance has been adopted by the Texas Democratic Convention. In

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both States the resolutions were opposed by the avowed representatives of the material interests of the Commonwealths, which claimed that the South was attracting capital from the North by its failure to impose the restraints of law upon the employment of children, but in both Commonwealths the majority responded to the moral appeal, and, to use Lincoln's phrase, "put the man above the dollar"—put the manifest rights of childhood above the alleged interests of commerce.

In Mr. Murphy's pamphlet the claim of the opposition to represent the true commercial interests of the South is effectively answered by citations of the admissions of its leaders regarding the costliness of child labor. Such labor is so inefficient and requires so much superintendence that many mill managers claim to be anxious to stop employing it; and if these claims are at all true as to the immediate interests of the manufacturers, they demonstrate conclusively the unwisdom of the State's continuing a system which saps the vitality and dwarfs the future efficiency of its citizens. The manufacturers generally admit that children under twelve ought to be at play or in school, and many of them in resisting pending bills against child labor have claimed to favor compulsory educational laws—not likely to be even drafted for years to come. The inconsistency, if not insincerity, of this attitude is set forth with fine irony. Compulsory education by common consent involves greater paternalism than the restriction of child labor, yet those who are shocked with the lesser degree of State control advocate the greater! Some also who oppose a State law restricting child labor claim to favor general laws restricting it. To such Mr. Murphy's pertinent reply is: "Enthusiasm for reform—only on condition that all the rest of the world will reform too—is very familiar to the students of economic progress." Still other manufacturers declare that they have no real objection to a law forbidding the employment of children under twelve, but fear that it may prove the "entering wedge" for legislation to which they do object. To this Mr. Murphy sensibly replies that the resistance of reform for fear it may lead to revolution is the surest way to promote revolution, since the defense of obvious wrong generates among the poor the hatreds from which counter-wrongs spring.

But the most important of the objections urged against the restriction of child labor is that the State puts itself in the rightful place of the parent when it forbids him to send his child away from home to work in the factories. To this Mr. Murphy replies that the State has never acknowledged the right of the parent to injure the child, and that, in John Stuart Mill's words, "the doctrine of the freedom of contract in relation to the child can mean little more than freedom of coercion." The parent, he insists, has no moral right to send his tiny children into the factory to undergo "the abnormal straining of muscles and nerves . . . daily from 6 A.M. to 6:30 P.M. (with half an hour for dinner), or sometimes nightly from 6:30 P.M. to 6 A.M. (with dashing of cold water in the face in case of sleepiness)." Such treatment of the child in its immaturity not only exhausts and benumbs the child but degrades the parent to whose laziness or avarice it ministers. That Mr. Murphy at this point does no injustice to the small class of parents who side with the employers in opposing the needed legislation is made graphically clear by a conversation recently reported in the "Dry Goods Economist" by a representative whom that paper sent into the Southern factory districts. Speaking of the idle parents always to be found loafing about the stores in the cotton-mill villages, the writer for the "Economist" says:

> I have joined such a group and "butted into" the talk. One told me that he had $36 coming in every fortnight, the proceeds of four children's and a wife's earnings. Two children each got 40 cents a day, two got 60 cents, and the wife $1 a day. I asked him why he didn't turn in himself and allow the wife, at least, to remain at home. "That's my business, sah," was the reply, accompanied by a look and gestures which boded little good to the questioner. Undaunted by this ebullition of temper, I further inquired what he would do should his children slip their cables and make for parts unknown. "I'd get them back, sah, don't you forget it; and when I did they'd be taught a lesson they'd never forget. The boys are mine till they're twenty-one and the girls till eighteen, and the law will uphold me in my rights."

Such rights as these are not to be recognized by law. The protection of the State belongs especially to the weak, and

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it is the State's first duty to protect the future of its children. The honorable parents among the working people desire the legislation demanded, and the avarice of the conscienceless poor ought not to be allowed to block it any more than the avarice of the conscienceless rich. It is a question of manhood and womanhood, on the one side, against petty and temporary material gains on the other, and the decision of the Southern public is certain when the case is once clearly before them. The old South justly has boasted its freedom from commercialism. Let not the new South forget the pride of its fathers.

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Literature in a Democracy

The volume of essays selected from the unpublished work of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner recently issued by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., under the title "Fashions in Literature," recalls the loss which the higher civilization of the country suffered in his death, and furnishes an illustration of the high type of man that American literature has drawn to its service and the fine quality of his work. The older writers were not only men of gift and grace; they were also, in the best sense of the word, gentlemen; men of exalted standards of personal integrity, of noble ideals of life, of sound taste, and of generous culture. They harmonized the sturdy self-reliance of American character, the respect for a man as a man and not as an owner of property or holder of a title, with a just valuation of the work of older civilizations and a clear recognition of the fact that free government is not an end but a means, and that popular institutions must explain and justify themselves by the quality of the human being they shape and develop.

It is one of the chief functions of literature to take a wide view, to keep a true perspective, and to insist on a scale of spiritual values. To this high aim American literature has been singularly true. It has never betrayed the weakness which has vitiated the service of many public men; it has never consulted the opinion of the moment and flattered when it ought to have condemned.

In such a country as ours, with its consciousness of almost inexhaustible strength and the sense of power which comes with that consciousness, the inevitable tendency has been to exalt the present so greatly as to obliterate the past, to glorify immediate success without much regard to ultimate aims, to find entire satisfaction in the gains of the moment without too close a scrutiny of the quality of the achievement or the possibilities of its spiritual utility. Politicians and political platforms have made much of "unparalleled prosperity," rapidly growing population, acreage, mileage of railroads, development of mines, and resources of all kinds, and have laid slight emphasis on the interest, richness, or nobility of life on this continent. The speeches of many public men have been full of laudation of the institutions of the country, as if these institutions were sufficient in themselves without reference to the character of the civilization they foster.

The more devoutly an intelligent American believes in the democratic principle as the noblest principle upon which a government can be conducted, the more clearly does he see that the best institution in the world is a means to an end, and that the end is the quality of character and life which it exalts and diffuses. Many of our fathers believed that in securing popular government they were solving all the problems of society; we have learned that they only succeeded in solving the political problem, and we are now face to face with industrial, race, and social problems which are far more complicated and deep-going. The prime service of the democratic principle applied to government is that it secures the best possible conditions for working out the ultimate problems; it puts society in a position, freely, frankly, and on a basis of unbroken order, to discuss and settle the final relations of man with man in economic and social life.

Now, of these ultimate things, so constantly lost sight of under the pressure of immediate work, literature has always been mindful. It has never lost its sense of the relative importance of things, its vision of the spiritual order in which life stands, its perception that nations are great not by reason of what they do with their hands but with their souls. It is not misled by the most convincing array of statistics of commercial development;

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it is not blinded by provincial ignorance nor won over by local feeling to the support of provincial standards; it has never accepted the lower as an adequate substitute for the higher success. American literature has always been deeply and genuinely American, but it has never been blind to the faults of Americans, nor dumb concerning their infidelities to the highest interests of the race.

James Fenimore Cooper's temper was too hot for that of an effective critic, but many of the frank comments which drew down upon him a torrent of denunciation are so evidently true that the student wonders why any one questioned their accuracy. Cooper was not less but more an American for his courageous if too passionate criticism of manners and habits and standards which he thought below the highest reach of American achievement. Poe aided greatly in the literary education of Americans when he exposed with relentless force the shallowness, cheapness, and crudity of the fiction which was widely read at that early period in our literary development. Emerson's noble sweetness and sanity were never more evident than in his fearless and piercing arraignment, not only of the political crimes of his time, but of the danger of the country from short-sighted views of national aims and ultimate success; and Lowell was at his best as an American when he indignantly reproved his countrymen for acquiescence in public corruption, in the barter of office, and in the cheapening of public life.

Charles Dudley Warner fell behind none of his illustrious fellow-writers in this kind of service to his country. He, too, was in such deep sympathy with the great experiment of teaching men to govern themselves by treating them as if they were capable of self-government that he could accept nothing short of the best civilization on this continent. He held by the highest standards of life because he understood that in a democracy the greatest peril is the lowering of these standards, and because he saw that, no matter how great the material prosperity of the country might be, a lowering of the standards would mean an impoverishment of that quality of life to which prosperity must minister if it is not to issue in the dullest and most dismal failure. In these essays Mr. Warner not only indicates the dangers to which the American State is exposed, but he defines its aims with such clearness that "Fashions in Literature" ought to be read as a text-book in the art of living in a democratic community. Material America needs no stimulus; its energies need no spur; its triumph is already at hand. It is spiritual America that needs constant revelation and definition; and it is to be the high service of the literature of the future, as it has been the service of the literature of the past, to hold the ideals of this nobler America clear and beautiful above the dust and tumult of a vast and powerful working community.

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What is a Christian?

An ancient chronicle says concerning a certain cardinal that he was covetous, avaricious, and malicious, but full of religion. This notion that religion is something apart from ordinary life is very common. One man thinks that in order to be religious he must go to mass, must go to confession, must receive absolution, must pay money for the support of his church and his priest. That done, his religious duties are done. Or he thinks, if he be a Puritan, that if he would be religious he must have correct conceptions on the subject of theology; he must understand the attributes of God, and the relations which Jesus Christ and the Father and the Spirit bear to one another, and how it is that Christ saves the world from sin, and what will be the penalties that will come upon men who are not saved; that if he understands these things, and understands them correctly, he is religious; if not, he is irreligious. Another thinks that religion is an experience: the Christian must have gone through a conviction of sin; he must have been in the night of despair, and the light must have shone upon him and he must have come out with great rejoicing; he must—as the phrase is—have "got religion," and if he has once "got religion," why, he puts it away as he puts away his prayer-book, which is to be used on Sundays, and gives himself no more concern about the matter.

The great English house has in it the kitchen, the dining-room, the drawing-room, the bedroom, and then sometimes,

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a little apart from the rest, a chapel, in which a private chaplain, or perhaps the master of the house himself, holds morning and evening prayers. So men consider life broken up into departments. There is a kitchen where we go to cook our food, there is a dining-room where we go to eat it, there is an office where we transact our business, there is a drawing-room where we go for social intercourse, there is a bedroom where we shut all things out and go to sleep, and there is a chapel where we go for meditation and for devotion and for what we call religion. And there are some men who have very excellent houses but no chapel, and there are some men who have fine chapels and very poor houses. So men make a division between the secular and the religious. The six days are for ourselves, the seventh day belongs to the Lord. He has one-seventh of the time for himself, the rest is ours. So they divide their money. I will give a tenth of my income to the Lord, and with the rest of it I can do as I like. So they divide vocations. If a man is a butcher, or a carpenter, or a lawyer, or a physician, he is not in a religious profession; if he is a minister, he is in a religious profession; and if he is a teacher, we do not know how to classify him!

This notion that religion is something apart from life, a fringe on the garment, like art or music, for which some men are capacitated and other men are incapacitated, is utterly antagonistic to the whole spirit of the Bible. Religion is the art of living, and nothing else—living with hands, with feet, with eyes, with palate, with conscience, with reverence: it is the life of the whole man. Nothing less than that is religion; nothing more than that is possible.

The Israelites come to the foot of Mount Sinai. Moses goes up into the mountain, and when he returns he says to the people, "Jehovah is ready to make a covenant with you. If you will enter into this covenant, he will be your God, and you shall be his people—a people of priests." The people, naturally enough, want to know what is expected of them, and the Ten Commandments are God's answer to that question. What are the Ten Commandments? "Have no other gods but me; make no graven images; reverence my name; keep one day for the development of the higher life; honor your parents; do not kill; do not commit adultery; do not steal; do not bear false witness; do not covet." Is that all? Yes, that is all. Not a word about temple, nor about sacrifices, nor about priests, nor about doctrines, nor about experiences. Be loyal to God and be true to your fellowmen. That is the whole. "If you will be loyal to God and true to your fellowmen—that is your part of the covenant; mine is to take care of you." Such is the religion of Mount Sinai. Centuries go by, and the people have not been loyal to their part of the covenant. They have had other gods; they have worshiped idols; they have profaned Jehovah's name; they have not set apart a day for the development of the higher life; they have not honored their parents; they have robbed, and murdered, and committed adultery, and borne false witness, and coveted; and they are in trouble. Their little land lies between Egypt and Assyria, like the corn between the upper and nether millstones, and is about to be ground to powder. Then they say, "What shall we do? How can we placate our God? How can we please him? How can we enter into new covenant relations with him? How can we make him again our friend?" And Micah, the prophet, is ready with his answer. It is contained in the sixth chapter of Micah, in the following trialogue:

Jehovah: Arise, contend thou before the mountains, and let the hills hear thy voice. Hear ye, O mountains, the Lord's controversy, and ye strong foundations of the earth: for the Lord hath a controversy with his people, and he will plead with Israel. O my people, what have I done unto thee? and wherein have I wearied thee? testify against me. For I brought thee up out of the land of Egypt, and redeemed thee out of the house of servants; and I sent before thee Moses, Aaron, and Miriam. O my people, remember now what Balak king of Moab consulted, and what Balaam the son of Beor answered him from Shittim unto Gilgal; that ye may know the righteousness of the Lord.

The People: Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?

The Prophet: He hath shewed thee, O

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man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

Exactly what was said at Mount Sinai centuries before! What is religion? Reverence for God; loyalty to God; regard for the rights and welfare of your fellow-men. "But I have not regarded the rights of my fellow-men; I have not been loyal to God; I have not honored his name; I have broken his covenant. How can I bridge the chasm between myself and him?" "Do justly; love mercy; walk humbly with thy God; do unto others as you would have others do unto you; have compassion and pity upon the suffering and the sinful; and come back into fellowship with God and walk with him, not in pride and self-satisfaction because you are a member of his church, but in humility and reverence." And what else? Nothing else; that is all.

If any man in the Bible could be called a theologian, it is Paul. When Paul comes toward the end of the most theological of all his letters, the letter to the Romans, after he has amplified the doctrines of justification by faith, of progressive sanctification, of decrees, of foreordination, and the other doctrines of theology that have perplexed the brain of man from the beginning and are apparently going to perplex him unto the end, he says, "I beseech you, *therefore*, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice." What is all this for? It is as if he said, "All I have said to you about justification and decrees and foreordination and election has been said that I might bring you to see what is the mercy of God, into whose hands you may intrust yourselves and to whom you may dedicate yourselves."

This simple truth is emphasized by Christ. A single illustration must suffice. Toward the close of his life, in Jerusalem, he is describing the day of judgment, and indicating what sort of character will stand the test of that day. What is the portrait? A recluse? A man who has spent his life in fastings and prayers? No! the man who has fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited the sick and the imprisoned. Such is the man whom Christ calls "saint."

To follow Christ is not to go out from the world. Christ came into the world. It is not living apart from the world. Christ lived among men and dwelt with them. It is not doing great things. It is carrying into our common life the spirit that Christ carried into his common life. Christ came to make men happy. "I have come," he says, "that the blind may see, that the imprisoned may be set free, that the sorrowing may be comforted, that the poor may have glad tidings." And wherever he went he did make men happy; he carried joy with him; he was a joy-distributer. To follow Christ is to make others happy. We cannot give sight to the blind, but we can help a blind man across the street. We cannot give hearing to the deaf, but we can give him assistance. We cannot feed five thousand, but we can contribute something to feeding the hungry. We cannot call the dead to life, but we can carry the life of our own faith into the home that is darkened by death. We can carry comfort, peace, joy, into other lives as Christ carried them into other lives.

Christ came to make men happy by making them good. He told them the secret of happiness was to be poor in spirit, to be pure in heart, to be peaceful and peace-making. He came to put the fountains and sources of happiness within men. It is character, not condition, that makes our happiness, and he taught this partly by precept but more by his life. We can do that; not by forcing our standards of right and wrong upon others, but by inspiring them with our life. Christ himself refused to apply his conscience to another man when he declined to decide as to the division of an inheritance. He made men better by living among them in such spirit that they desired his life for themselves. We can have so much of the Christlikeness in us that it shall flow out unto others. Others besides Christ may wear a garment such that she who does but touch the hem of it shall feel herself better for the contact.

Christ came to make men better by bringing them to know the God whom he knew and to love the God whom he loved. He manifested God to men—How? Because God was in him. And he bade us have God in us; and manifest God to men because he is in us. We can so carry

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the divine in us that men shall be drawn to us and to the God that is in us. This is better than a ritual, better than a creed. I do not disown the ritual or the creed; but religion is not what we think about religion, it is not the form in which we give expression to our religion; it is the spirit of faith and hope and love carried into all the common affairs of life. This is to follow Christ. Going to the church or to the prayer-meeting is not following him. We go to church and we go to the prayer-meeting in order that when we go out from church and from the prayer-meeting we may carry the spirit of Christ which in the church and prayer-meeting has been ministered to us. Then, and only then, do we follow him. I sometimes think that from heaven above we shall look not up but down, to see the Christ who lived and loved and served and suffered and died, and we shall wonder that we lived on the same earth with him, and were of the same mold with him, and neither knew him nor ourselves! And then we shall wish, with almost unutterable longing, that we might go back to earth once more, to be among the poor and the lowly, among the suffering and the needy, among the ignorant and the outcast, and have the divine glory that Christ had and live the divine life that Christ lived. L. A.

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The Spectator

It by no means follows that ways different from our ways are wrong, even if ours are right. For instance, witness our clever friends, the Japanese, who do many things in diametric opposition to our methods, and yet are recognized as most apt, artistic, efficient. Not to lay stress on their well-known style of writing, printing, and reading from right to left instead of from left to right, look at some other differences. Our gesture of beckoning is theirs of dismissal; our fiddle-bow is made of a small number of horsehairs stretched tight, theirs is a full bunch fastened loosely; we sew toward the body, they away from it; we plane away from the body, they toward it; we drive the saw through the wood, they move the wood against the saw; when we play chess, the captured pieces of the adversary are laid aside; in their chess, the captives join the forces of the capturer—and so on, through a long and interesting list of dissimilarities. When we come to compare the results of their doings and ours, however, who can deny the exquisite finish of their work? Possibly we think our stringed instruments produce sounds of sweeter concord than theirs; but, after all, that is a question of taste, which the ancient proverb-maker declares is not open to discussion.

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This consideration has caused the Spectator to reflect before vigorously expressing opinions on the strange—the diametrically reversed—fashions that obtain nowadays, as compared with those of the times when the Spectator was young (er). As an example: in that elder day the young fellow whose paternal treasury did not allow him to have his clothing made to order—who went to a clothier instead of a tailor—when he bought a pair of trousers from the counter, never failed to require that the fore-and-aft crease in the legs, which clearly showed that they came from a ready-made pile, should be carefully pressed out; to-day, the man without a crease in his trousers might as well proclaim himself day-laborer or tramp at once. Who instigated that change of standard? Was it "the power of associated capital" that we hear about lately—the great clothing establishments, which have grown to manufacturing such vast quantities and multitudinous varieties that the majority of decently dressed men do buy out of a ready-made and well-pressed pile? That is one of the every-day mysteries of our non-mystical age.

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Thirty or more years ago, the soft felt army hat was in vogue, the crown cleft at the top, the brim rolling and free. Three or four years ago the Cuban War pushed the Rough Riders to the front, and they brought from the West a hat with its crown not only cleft in the top but pinched in at the sides. Result: the following seasons saw an imitation of this model, with cloven and side-dented crowns; and that not only in the soft felt, but, following it into absurdity, stiff straws were made to take on the same supposititiously careless freedom of outline, and

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now, cleft and pinched, they are to be seen on every side. Even the soft and beautiful Panama—anciently bearing the single fold from front to rear, showing how it had come packed from its tropical home, but holding its firm, fine outline of crown and free roll of brim—now submits to the same silly fad of felt-imitation, and goes cleft and dented with the rest: nay, in its new shape it has itself fallen on cheap ways, and imitation Panama-straws, in imitation felt-shapes, crown the multitude. The trousers-crease has raised the commonalty; the hat-pinch has lowered the exclusive. Perhaps both are typical of the times.

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Speaking of hats: the pursuit of athletics must have made great inroads upon the business of summer headgear. When the youth rows, or hurdles, or leaps, or runs, or what-not, he must be as free of weight and constraint from top to toe as decency will allow; and among other handicaps he drops the hat. And so the vast majority of youths, whether they really are or only wish to seem athletic, have been gradually discarding summer head-covering. But that is not all. The maidens follow the youths; and within a few years it has become more and more common to see young women walk abroad —chiefly in the country or seashore or suburban resorts—hatless; and often with their sleeves rolled up, so as to get a fine brown color from their summer outing. Doubtless there are two sides to this, as to most questions; but, while it may be granted that the free play of sun and air, if not followed to the extreme of heat-prostration, which is sometimes the result, may be stimulating and healthful, there can be little doubt that its effect on hair and skin are infelicitous. The hair burns and dries; the skin also; and the consequence of several seasons of this exposure must leave the hair stiff and inflexible, while the skin thickens—repairing its burns with new material, but losing its softness and delicacy. The extreme of this can be seen on any farmer or sailor of middle age.

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Now, while to a young man this is of small consequence, to a young girl it is likely to mean much. Woman's "sphere" will never so enlarge (it is to be hoped) as to eclipse the desirability of delicacy and beauty. The Spectator cannot help feeling that many a maiden is destroying a complexion which she will bitterly mourn when it is gone; for such gifts perish early, at best, and, once departed, never return. It is a needless recklessness, too; there are ways enough of enjoying and profiting by the sunshine, without this sacrifice.

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There has been another inroad upon fashion from the athletic field. When tennis first made its welcome appearance in popular favor, the usual costume (when any of special form was indulged in) was the free, graceful, light-limbed arrangement of trunks-and-hose, with light shoes, leaving the ankles easy play. When, somewhat later, the bicycle began its fascinating rounds, the trunks-and-hose were dedicated to that, and for some mysterious reason the tennis players began to wear long, fluffy trousers. As these were usually of flannel, and naturally subject to shrinkage when washed, the style changed to making them too long, with the necessity of turning them up at the bottom, a very reasonable method of keeping them long enough, after laundering. But somehow this piece of athletic accessory also spread its influence beyond the ranks of tennis players. The turned-up trousers became in some sort the badge of manly sport, and little by little it spread to the great tribe of the *seeming* as well as the being, until now every well-conditioned youth must have his trousers turned up. Nay, the keen-eyed clothiers are making all kinds of trousers too long, with a regular turn-up at the bottom, ironed hard and fast. Tennis or none, rain or shine, mud or fair weather, indoors or out, the tennis turn-up flaps about the trim gartered ankles of young mankind. "'Varsity" or "towny," man of leisure or hard-worked clerk, he who does not at least pay to athletics the sincere flattery of imitating its trappings is not "in the swim." And so the ancient sign of the countryman is now the signet-mark of the would-be city swell. It is a curious reversal.

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Thus far we have seen a reasonable cause for the inception of each of these

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contrary changes of fashion; and several of them have arisen in connection with the lately developed taste for outdoor sports. There is another, equally well begun but less fortunately extended. The great interest taken in the development of that noble animal the horse, and the popular vogue of the annual Horse Show in New York, under stimulation of the growing class of those who possess and freely spend wealth in the pursuit of pleasure, have made the gentleman driver (together with his fair colleague the lady driver) a marked character. For one whose hands are unaccustomed to work or exposure gloves are a necessity in driving; and as the free play of wrist is requisite, while most of the driving is done in warm weather, it has become customary for those who indulge in that pastime to leave the glove unbuttoned at the wrist. Reasonable good sense! But those who humbly flocked to see the sport soon began to feel that they, too, were sportsmen, and thus the crowded Horse Show showed also hundreds of important lookers-on who asserted their claim to be of the class of "sports" by leaving their gloves unbuttoned also. From the hippodrome the fashion spread, and now the average young man, and even young woman, who wears a glove at all, not only leaves the wrist unfastened, but, to make it clear that the wearer knows what's what, turns up the bottom of the glove (to match the turned-up trousers?) Neatness—the first and most characteristic attribute of gentility—is sacrificed to "style," if so the fad can be called. Webster defines "style" to be "manner which is deemed elegant or appropriate, especially in social demeanor; fashion." Whether the untidy glove-fad is "elegant" for any, or "appropriate" for thousands who never moved behind a horse except in a cab or a street-car, the Spectator takes leave to doubt.

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Yet, if it be, if athletics and sport are to dominate all modes of dress, irrespective of time, place, or purpose, then there is one more reversal that we may expect to see shortly. When the athlete of the track-team prepares for his struggle of speed or endurance, he wears on his feet only the short half-hose (within his shoes), and by the time he has completed his efforts his stockings are "down at the heel," falling in unstudied negligence in graceful curves about his ankles. We may therefore look, for the next development, to see all sexes, ages, and conditions cast off the Order of the Garter, and, with turned-up gloves, turned-up trousers or twirled-up skirts, and turned-down stockings, present the free and flowing outlines of the untrammeled. But may the Spectator not be there to see!

Dr. Jowett, famous as a Platonist and beloved as the Master of Balliol, is reported by one of his loyal pupils to have quoted with approval the following rule for active life: "Never retract; never explain; get it done, and let them howl!" Of course the great Oxonian was largely indulging in the gentle and kindly satire which made so many of his comments on life delightful as well as efficacious. Still, there is a deal of common sense in the motto which Dr. Jowett is alleged to have approved. Martyrs, politicians, and theologians may very well act upon it; it may be followed by some for principle's sake, by some for policy. But there are times when explanation and retraction are necessary—especially on the part of editors. This is one of the times. The last issue of The Outlook was the Annual Educational Number, and, like all educational institutions, should have been accurate in its statement of fact and careful to make use of apposite illustrations. In these two particulars it owes a retraction to one of its contributors and an explanation to all of its readers. In the article by Dr. J. R. Wheeler, of Columbia University, on "The American School of Classical Studies at Athens," it was the intention of both the author and the editors to include the portrait of Professor John Williams White, President of the Archæological Institute, among those of the other directors and founders of the School, in the establishment and maintenance of which Professor White has been most active and influential. Through no fault of the author of the article, and much to the regret of the editors, readers of The Outlook were, by a mischance, deprived of the pleasure of seeing Professor White's face in a group not complete without it. Blunders visit newspaper offices in pairs. Having given our readers in the Educational Number too little information about the School at Athens, we proceeded to give them too much about Smith College, of which, notwithstanding the title ascribed to her by The Outlook's type, Miss M. A. Jordan is *not* Dean. The office of Dean is filled by Professor Henry M. Tyler. Miss Jordan's influential work in the Department of English at Smith is too well known to have made the error a serious one to any but the editors, who can in palliation plead not even ignorance, but only that temporary aberration of thought which in everybody but editors is called carelessness.

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THE REMINISCENCES OF A CHARTIST TAILOR

By Robert Crowe

[Mr. Robert Crowe, an old tailor now living in New York, who was imprisoned for the part he bore in the Chartist agitation in England over sixty years ago, is engaged in preparing a volume of Reminiscences. The accompanying article embraces the portion in this projected volume covering the period in his life immediately preceding his imprisonment. The fact that the principles for which the Chartists contended are now accepted by Liberals in all enlightened countries, and by most Conservatives in many of them, makes the dread with which the Chartist movement was regarded by the ruling classes and their followers a matter of great historic interest, and Mr. Crowe's manuscript gives a vivid insight into the extent of this dread, and also into the state of popular feeling among the discontented classes, which partially explained the vague terror of those who wished to keep the poorer classes down. Mr. Crowe's subsequent life, it may be said, has been a carrying on of the work to which he set his hand when he was a boy. Some of the reforms for which he hoped he has seen accomplished, and for the others he has never ceased hoping. He has been in practically all the labor movements of the past two-thirds of a century, and is able to write their history as they were seen from within.—THE EDITORS.]

BEFORE I reached my nineteenth year [1843] my spare time was divided between three public movements—the temperance movement under Father Mathew, the repeal movement under Daniel O'Connell, and the Chartist or English movement under Fergus O'Connor. In the bewildering whirl of excitement in which I lived during these years I seemed almost wholly to forget myself. Night brought with it long journeys to meetings and late hours, though the day brought back the monotony of the sweater's den.

In the Irish or repeal movement came those monster meetings of 1843 and '44 which so alarmed the English Government as to cause the hurried despatch of over a hundred thousand troops into Ireland. An amusing incident occurred in one of those meetings, which in this connection deserves a place as illustrating the ready wit with which Daniel O'Connell was gifted. The Government employed a well-known stenographer named Hughes to attend these meetings and make correct reports of all speeches for future use. When O'Connell arose to address the meeting, he turned in the direction where Mr. Hughes was sitting, and shouted in that rich Irish brogue for which he was distinguished, "Mr. Hughes, are you ready to proceed?" Mr. Hughes answered, "I am, Mr. O'Connell," and then O'Connell commenced one of his most remarkable speeches, which lasted over two hours. In English? Oh, no, in pure Irish, all of which the peasantry could understand. Poor Hughes dropped his note-book and stared into vacancy. The speech to him was so much Greek.

Parallel with the repeal movement in Ireland was the Chartist movement in England, which commenced in 1838 under the leadership of Fergus O'Connor. The platform consisted of the following six propositions or points:

1. Universal suffrage.
2. Vote by ballot.
3. Annual Parliaments.
4. Payment of members.
5. No property qualifications.
6. Equality of electoral districts.

In the year following its organization the movement assumed vast proportions, owing mainly to the prevailing distress. Disturbances broke out in Wales, headed by Frost, Williams, and Jones, which the Government quickly suppressed. The prosecution of the leaders followed, and they were sentenced to be "hanged, drawn, and quartered," but the sentence was afterward commuted to transportation for life. In the Chartist movement I took an active part up to the period of my prosecution in 1848. The movement did not develop its full power until about 1846, when that blighting, withering curse fell on the Irish people in the failure of the only food of her population. I think

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it was the "Times" of London that declared the only cure for Irish agitation was to sink the whole island twenty-four hours in the water. The famine of 1846–7 was not a bad substitute. This brings me nearer to the most stormy and momentous period of my life, but at this point I pause to record a pleasing incident occurring (if my memory serves me rightly) in the early part of this year, 1848.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley, while engaged collecting material for his great work, "Alton Locke," a work which has unquestionably done more to expose the pernicious nature of the sweating system than all other agencies put together, was informed that I, having worked in some of the sweating cribs of London, might furnish him with useful information on the subject, and sent me an invitation, which I was not slow to avail myself of. At that time there were few workingmen in London or the provinces who were not familiar with Charles Kingsley, through his weekly "Letters to the People," under the *nom de plume* of Parson Lott, though very few of us knew that Parson Lott was Charles Kingsley.

Of my impressions of the man, I can only say that nothing struck me so forcibly as the ready power with which he was gifted of making one feel at home in his presence. He had a manly, open countenance, the genuine English contour of features, a winning smile that perpetually played over his face, and, above all, brilliant eyes that never seemed to rest, deep set beneath heavy brows. Such was the personality of the man, as I now see him, after the lapse of over fifty years, but to know him thoroughly one must read his works, especially his "Alton Locke." Take for instance the following lines giving voice to the pent-up, angry passions which struggle for utterance in the breasts of oppressed humanity the world over:

> Aye, respectable gentlemen and ladies, I [Alton] will confess all to you; you shall have, if you enjoy it, a fresh opportunity for indulging that supreme pleasure which the press daily affords you of insulting the classes whose powers most of you know as little as you do their sufferings. Yes, the Chartist poet is vain, conceited, ambitious, uneducated, shallow, inexperienced, envious, ferocious, scurrilous, seditious, traitorous. Is your charitable vocabulary exhausted? Then ask yourselves how often you have yourself honestly resisted and conquered the temptation to any of these sins when it has come across you just once in a way? And not as they come to me, as they come to thousands of the workingmen daily, hourly, till their torments do by length of time become their element. What, are we covetous, too? Yes, and if those who have, like you, still covet more, what wonder if those who have nothing covet something? Profligate, too? Well, though that imputation as a generality is utterly calumnious, though your amount of animal enjoyment per annum is a hundred times as great as that of the most self-indulgent artisan, yet if you had ever felt what it is to want, not only every luxury of the senses, but even bread to eat, you would think more mercifully of the man who makes up by rare excesses, and those only of the limited kinds possible to him, for long intervals of dull privation, and says in his madness, let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. We have our sins and you have yours; ours may be the more gross and barbaric, but yours are none the less damnable, perhaps all the more so for being the sleek, subtle, respectable, religious sins they are. You are frantic enough if our part of the press repays it back to you with interest. We see those insults and feel them bitterly enough and do not forget them, alas, soon enough. While they pass unheeded by your delicate eyes as trivial truisms, horrible, unprincipled, villainous, seditious, frantic, blasphemous are epithets of course applied to—to how large a portion of the English people you will some day discover to your astonishment!

So much for one of the most earnest and honest thinkers that England has produced for the century past, and who, like many others of his kind, courted an early grave in his ardent struggle for the emancipation of his fellow-men.

Returning now to the point where I left off, our agitation, both in England and Ireland, rose to fever heat. The Young Irelanders were in a fierce conflict with the adherents of O'Connell, repudiating his "peace at any price" doctrine. On all sides, especially in the north of England, men were arming; bold and defiant utterances were heard on every hand.

A convention was called and a day fixed for the presentation of the national petition praying for the enactment of the People's Charter. The day, the 10th of April, 1848, memorable in the history of the time, was selected for the occasion.

A petition containing 3,500,000 signatures was prepared, and the procession which accompanied the same to the place of meeting (Kensington Common) was certainly the largest and most imposing I ever participated in.

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During all this time were the authorities idle? Oh, no. Police spies were scattered among the people. Government buildings, such as the Mint, the Bank of England, the Mansion House, and others, were barricaded. Troops were poured into London from every quarter, and the Iron Duke of Wellington declared, in the House of Lords, "he would not be answerable for the safety of the city of London if 40,000 troops were not placed at his disposal." Anticipating a possibility of trouble, the Executive Committee who had charge of the movement proved equal to the occasion, and, knowing that a conflict between the soldiery and the people would prove disastrous, issued an order on the morning of the procession "that no man walking in the ranks should bear any kind of arms." This, said the order, was intended as a peaceful demonstration, and if the Government designed a *coup d'état*, let them have the whole credit of it.

Such was the condition when we marched over the bridges, eight abreast, on our way to Kensington Common, but no sooner did the procession pass over than the police and soldiery took possession of the bridges, and for nearly three hours we were held as prisoners. But for the previous order of the Council a conflict would have been inevitable. At length the order was revoked, and the crowd was permitted to pass, and all went off quietly. Following quickly on the heels of the above action the Government started a series of prosecutions, commencing the following month (May) with a batch of five—Ernest Charles Jones, a barrister and our leader, John Fussell, Sharp, Williams, and Dr. Vernon.

It was evident the authorities had laid down a rule that "no man charged should be allowed to escape," and so faithfully was this rule carried out that not one escaped his prescribed quota of punishment. The trial recalls to me the ingenious method of administering justice in Ireland in Lord Norbury's time, 1798. Norbury was the Judge who consigned Robert Emmett, the brothers Sheers, Orr, Finnerty, and a host of others to the gallows. A case was brought before him involving what had recently been a capital offense. A more recent statute had reduced the punishment to a fine of £500, without however, repealing the first law. This omission was brought to the attention of his lordship, who at once passed the following sentence: "We'll hang him first, and fine him £500 afterwards."

The above-named prisoners were lodged in the Westminster House of Correction for the term of two years.

Then came the second batch, consisting of thirty-two, of whom I had the honor to be one.

Let me here record a somewhat amusing incident which came to light while I was detained in Newgate awaiting trial.

It was our custom in the morning, when being released from our cells, to lift the cover of the peep-hole in the door of the reception cell, and discover if there were more unfortunates captured during the previous night. One morning I saw an old friend, named Shaw, whose business was that of an undertaker. When we met in the yard a little later, I asked him how he had been captured.

"Well, you see," said he, "I had a good many private matters and papers to attend to, so I sent a messenger from my hiding-place. Instructing two of my men to bring the shell [the shell is a kind of utility coffin used for conveying bodies preparatory to being deposited in the final coffin], the shell was brought, and I was laid in and carefully conveyed to my home, where I succeeded in arranging much of my business, but not all, and when evening came I was conveyed back again to my hiding-place—in the shell, of course. This was repeated the second day, but not with the same result—for when the men brought the shell out in the evening they were halted near the door by the police.

"'What have you got there?'

"'Oh, a body we are taking to his late residence.'

"'Put it down, and let us see.'"

So my poor friend Shaw was compelled to creep out of his "shell."

The six weeks of our detention in Newgate prior to trial hung heavy on our hands, enlivened only by an occasional glance at the notorious Calcraft, England's public executioner, and Chaplain Davis, the alleged "man of God." We used to see them while they were engaged inspecting the gallows and

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conferring on the preliminaries of an execution to take place in front of the jail on the following Monday morning.

Never shall I forget the sight that confronted me as I entered what was called the chapel one Sunday morning. Perched in a pulpit about ten feet above the head of the prisoner was his reverence, the chaplain, pouring on the poor victim a fearful malediction against sin in general, and his special sin in particular. Did the condemned hear him? I think not. His intense, steady gaze was at the coffin before him, and the one overshadowing thought which seemed to permeate his whole being was that at nine o'clock in the morning his strangled form should lie in that narrow bed. Did he hear the benediction, which like a soft sponge came to wipe out the fearful effects of the malediction? I think not, for when the parson pronounced the opening of the door of eternal bliss to the repentant sinner, however hardened, he gave no sign of attention. His gaze was still intensely fixed on that coffin at his feet.

At last the long-looked for time arrived, and I was summoned to court. Here I am tempted to record an incident, insignificant in itself, yet showing the depth of depravity which underlies the character of some of the criminal class. Our transit from the prison to the court was underground, through a long passage. This passage was the graveyard of criminals who had been executed; on the walls on either side were the letters of the alphabet. Now, the last man hanged but a short time before was named Sales; he was therefore buried under the letter S. Among the prisoners who accompanied me (about six in number) was the widow of Tom Sales, bearing in her arms an infant a few months old, and said to be his. As we passed along she asked the jailer who escorted us where Tom was buried, and being directed to the letter S she said: "I promised Tom I'd dance on his grave." She then proceeded to execute as lively a double-shuffle as ever was witnessed in a theater. Her offense was robbery; her punishment, as I learned from one of the officers, was ten years' transportation.

"Bring the prisoner Crowe to the dock." A few steps brought me there, and as I stood and gazed around me I asked myself the question, "Can this be the place where hardened criminals are tried?" Around on every side were ladies of fashion, fans in full play; the court had more the appearance of a theater—for the women outnumbered the men. Right in front of me sat the venerable Judge, Baron Platt, in powdered wig; below him sat her Majesty's Attorney-General, Sir John Jarvis, who was my chief prosecutor, surrounded by a formidable array of subordinates, and all along the tables a dazzling array of powdered wigs.

Again I asked, "Can it be possible that in this dock where I now stand, a Jack Sheppard, a Jonathan Wild, a Greenacre, and a long line of notable criminals have stood?" I was soon awakened to a consciousness that the scene before me was a well-arranged farce by a whispered hint from my solicitor, Mr. Dudgeon, to the effect that my counsel, J. Humphrey Parry, dined with the Attorney-General the day before. Add to this a complacent middle-class jury—sworn to render a true verdict according to the evidence? Oh, no, but to give a verdict which would guarantee additional security to the few pounds they had deposited in bank from the greedy clutches of those would-be thieves, the Chartists, whose aim was not principle, but pilfering.

Well, the work is finished, and Chartism is crushed, and the wheels of Government roll along smoothly once more—the universal howl of the money-bag press throughout the land has settled it (at least for the present) that the ostensible aim of the Chartists was not principle, but wholesale confiscation of property; not "universal suffrage and vote by ballot," but, as "Punch" put it, "universal suffering and vote by bullet."

But how strange! two generations have scarcely passed when I learn from Reynolds's London weekly newspaper of May 14, 1899, that a new Chartist movement has been started in England, not on the old lines—no, but rather in accordance with the advanced spirit of the time, and with a programme launched forth to the following effect:

1. Nationalization of land and railroads.
2. Adult suffrage.

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3. Triennial Parliaments.
4. Old-age pensions.
5. Eight-hour day.
6. Municipalization of monopolies.
7. Payment of members, and election expenses.

Well, the farce is nearly gone through, but one more act remains, namely, passing sentence; another gala day in the Old Bailey, when the political prisoners are placed in a row in front of the dock to receive sentence; again the court is crowded with a fashionable throng, and at the opportune time the Attorney-General rises, his pale face suffused with a cold, sardonic, sickly sneer, and conjures his lordship to "pass a heavy sentence on the prisoner Crowe, because of the dangerously seductive and poetic character of his eloquence and its influence on the minds of his uneducated hearers;" and his lordship, who, no doubt, like another Barkis, was only too willing to oblige, passed the following sentence: To be confined in the Westminster House of Correction for the term of two years, with hard labor, and at the expiration of said term to give bonds myself in £100, and two additional securities (householders) at £50 each, to keep the peace with her Majesty's subjects for the term of five years, and in addition to pay to her Majesty the sum of £10. So red did his lordship grow in the face while delivering the above that I really expected to hear his lordship add the usual declaration when consigning a culprit to the gallows, "and may the Lord have mercy on your soul," but his lordship omitted that part of the ceremony.

Now, what was the dangerous and seductive nature of the eloquence I indulged in which so alarmed Sir John, and which induced him to solicit the special attention of the Judge? A telegram had reached London from Liverpool (which afterwards proved to be a hoax, no doubt promulgated by the authorities) that while the police and soldiery were attempting to remove John Mitchell from the jail to the convict ship, to be conveyed to Bermuda, to which island he was transported for fourteen years, the people of Dublin had risen, and a desperate conflict was then going on. An impromptu meeting of the Thomas Davis Club was called, and in addressing the meeting I used the following words, as quoted from the report of the trial in the column of the London "Times:"

"So the time has come at last—the time long dreaded by some, but by all true lovers of liberty long hoped for; the time when our own land, our dear land, land of our birth, cradle of mirth and misery, child of impulse, fountain-stream of good and ill, nurse of the brave, parent of beauty, land of the patriot, the martyr, the slave, the spurned, the joyless, thee alone among the nations, Ireland, is in arms. At last, and we throw off the foibles which made our country infantile; scorning any longer to crouch in the attitude of slaves, we stand erect in the attitude of men, resolved to wring from the reluctant grasp of Britain those concessions which, though long delayed, she must at last accord."

So much for the crime and its attendant punishment.

In the afternoon of the day on which I was sentenced I was hurried off in a cab, accompanied by the Deputy-Governor of Newgate, to the Westminster House of Correction, where I was placed in line with about twenty other criminals, and inspected by the Governor. He was not slow to single me out.

"How long are you here for?"

"Two years, sir."

"Have his hair cut short."

I ventured to step a little forward, intending to ask permission to work at my trade, but he roared at me like an infuriated bull, "Go back there. You're in too great a hurry." So I went to the oakum room and sat with 750 prisoners daily, picking two and one-half pounds of oakum for nearly six weeks. Very soon my fingers, one by one, began to blister, so that I fell short of accomplishing the required quantity by three-quarters of a pound, and was accordingly reported. Eleven o'clock the next morning the Governor entered.

"Prisoner Crowe, stand up. What reason can you assign for not finishing your work yesterday?" Holding up my two hands I answered, "The state of my fingers is the only reason I can assign." "That is no reason in this prison. Bread and water for three days."

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THE TRAGEDY OF PELÉE[1]

BY GEORGE KENNAN

VII.

The Wrecked City

AFTER the eruption from the lower crater ceased and the volcano became quiescent, we left the mouth of the Rivière Blanche, ran down to St. Pierre, and landed on the slope of the Place Bertin, nearly opposite the ruins of the old cathedral. The site of the city was a crescent-shaped strip of land, about a mile in length and four hundred yards in extreme width, lying between the curve of the ocean beach and the corresponding curve of a very steep ridge or hill. At the northern end of the crescent was the Rivière des Pères, backed by the immense green slope of Mont Pelée, and at the southern end, on a high rocky promontory, stood the Morne d'Orange Battery and the colossal white statue of the Virgin Mary. The ridge or hill which formed the back of the crescent, and which half inclosed the city on that side, was originally covered with grass, flowering shrubs, and festoons of hanging vines; and it must have made a beautiful green background for the mass of gabled, red-roofed houses which rose toward it in undulating slopes and irregular terraced lines from the curving margin of the dark-blue sea. The principal street of the city was the Rue Victor Hugo, which ran from one end of the crescent to the other, and which was crossed at intervals by shorter streets leading up from the ocean to the face of the high and partly terraced ridge. The buildings were generally two or three stories in height, and their walls were almost invariably made of rubble laid up in cement and faced with plaster or stucco. Although these walls were often three feet in thickness, they had comparatively little structural strength or resisting power, owing to the fact that they were composed of rounded stones and were held together by a rather friable pouzzolane of volcanic tuff. They crumbled and fell, therefore, much more easily than if they had been made of rectangular blocks with a binding of good mortar or Portland cement. Many of the dwelling-houses, moreover, had only one story, or two stories, of masonry, and were crowned with a frail superstructure of wood which might easily be torn off by a hurricane of wind, or set on fire by hot volcanic lapilli and dust. The streets were generally narrow, as well as crooked, and the sidewalks, which had a depth of only three or four feet, often climbed from one level, or one terrace, to another by means of mossy stone steps. The city was abundantly supplied with cool water from the encircling hills, and down many of the streets it ran constantly in little streams through the open gutters. There were century-old tamarinds, royal palms, mangoes, and silk-cotton trees in all the parks and private yards, and the masses of dark-green foliage, appearing here and there among the houses, heightened by contrast the pale yellow of the stuccoed walls and the bright red of the steep, tiled roofs. In short, St. Pierre, before the catastrophe of May 8, was a picturesque, brightly colored French city, set down in a West Indian environment between a range of vine-draped, palm-fringed hills and the margin of a tranquil, indigo-blue sea. After the catastrophe, it was a wrecked, ruined city of the dead, wrapped in a gray winding-sheet of volcanic ashes.

The first impression that it made upon me when I landed on the wreck-strewn beach of the Place Bertin was one of loneliness, stillness, grayness, and almost unimaginable desolation. There was no color, no structural form, no traceable plan, and no sign whatever of recent life. Turning one's back to the ocean and looking toward the bluff, across the

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shattered walls and shapeless piles of ash-incrusted stones, one might have imagined that he was looking at the ruins of a big pueblo in an Arizona desert, which had been destroyed by a frightful earthquake a hundred years before. It was almost impossible to realize, or even to believe, that, within a month, this had been a bright, gay, beautiful city of thirty thousand inhabitants. Here and there stood gaunt, fire-scorched trunks of trees from which all branches had been torn away, and over the brown face of the steep ridge hung leafless remains of luxuriant vines; but with these exceptions there was nothing to indicate that anything had ever grown, blossomed, or borne fruit in this gray mass of century-old ruins.

Walking up past the cathedral, we came to what had once been a beautiful little park, with a fountain in the center and a score of great palm, mango, and silk-cotton trees to shade its greensward and walks. It had been turned into a flat expanse of dry volcanic mud, with the leafless and almost branchless trunks of the trees lying across it in parallel lines.

Away from the main streets there were only the foundations of walls and heaps of rounded stones to show where houses had been; and one could pick one's way across the chaos of wreckage, in almost any direction, over piles of rubble, sheets of metallic roofing, steel braces or girders, masses of tree branches, iron bedsteads, smashed roofing-tiles, tangled telephone wire, burst-open safes, and great mounds of ash-plastered building-stones, blocking up and almost obliterating the narrow streets. Even if I had been perfectly familiar with the city, I should have had great difficulty in finding my way about; and without such familiarity I could not orient myself at all. It was often impossible for me to determine whether I was in a street or in the midst of a ruined block of buildings. Of course, in a city that has been so completely wrecked there is little to describe. One can only say that it is a chaotic mass of rubble, plaster, roofing tiles, and shattered walls, with here and there the fire-scorched branchless trunk of a big tree.

With a view to ascertaining, if possible, the source and direction of the hurricane that caused this unparalleled destruction, I made a careful examination of standing walls and fallen trees. The highest walls were generally those that ran north and south, and the walls that had been most completely destroyed were those running east and west. I called Professor Heilprin's attention in one place to five north and south walls of contiguous houses that were standing above the first story, edge on to the volcano, while all of the transverse east and west walls had been blown completely down. All the fallen trees that I examined lay with their heads directly away from the volcano. In various parts of the city I stood at the foliage ends of straight, fifty-foot palm-trees and looked along their trunks toward the mountain. In every case a line drawn from the leaves to the roots, and prolonged northward, would strike the volcano near the head of the summit fissure. In other words, if these palm-trunks were big guns that could be elevated a little and fired, the projectiles from them would go over or into the V-shaped notch, or amphitheater, just below the main crater. From that point, or near that point, must have come, therefore, the blast that prostrated them.

I was able to make some observations also that have an important bearing upon the temperature of the blast and its duration. It was hot enough to kill people and set fire to inflammable buildings; but it was not hot enough to kill the roots of potted plants that were fully exposed to it, nor to injure, noticeably, small green fruits hanging on the twigs of uprooted breadfruit-trees. We saw fresh green shoots starting from a cactus-like plant that was growing out-of-doors in a twelve-inch pot; Mr. Varian picked four or five trumpet-shaped blossoms of delicate pink from another potted plant, and I gathered green breadfruit, that had not been burned or cooked, from a tree lying just south of the cemetery. Neither had the blast and the ashes been hot enough to destroy all forms of insect life. In the tornado valley of the Roxelane I had already seen a living tarantula in a house where everything else had perished; and in more than a dozen places in St. Pierre we saw colonies of ants which had worked their way up from the underlying soil and were building little mounds of volcanic ashes around their holes.

Evidences of the force of the blast pre-

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sented themselves at almost every step. Rubble walls, three feet in thickness, had been torn to pieces as if made of dominoes or kindergarten blocks; century-old trees had been uprooted or stripped of all their branches; six-inch guns, nine or ten feet in length, had been dismounted in the Morne d'Orange Battery; and the colossal statue of the Virgin Mary, which weighed at least two or three tons, had been blown off its pedestal and carried to a distance of forty or fifty feet. Such effects could hardly have been produced by a blast of lower velocity than a hundred miles an hour.

It is a remarkable fact that St. Pierre was struck by two volcanic hurricanes of equal severity—one occurring at 8:02 A.M. on the 8th of May, and the other about 5:15 A.M. on the 20th. As we reached Fort de France in the cruiser Dixie at 6 A.M. on the 21st, we missed the second blast by exactly twenty-four hours. If we had sailed from New York one day earlier, we should have been just off Mont Pelée when the second tornado-cloud rolled down on the ill-fated city.

Photographs taken between May 8 and May 20 show that the second blast must have had quite as much energy as the first. Before the 20th, the walls of hundreds of buildings in the central part of the city were standing two and three stories high; while after that date there were very few that stood, four-square, even as high as the top of the first story. The blast of May 8 wrecked the cathedral and threw down one of its twin towers; but all four walls of the other, as high as the arches of the second tier of windows, stood until struck by the blast of the 20th. The front wall of the military hospital, with the town-clock in the peak of its gable, withstood the first shock, but was so completely demolished by the second that I could not even discover its foundation.

Generally speaking, the eruption of the 20th threw down almost everything that still had the appearance of a building, and turned the already wrecked city into a mass of shapeless ruins. When we landed on the Place Bertin, Thursday, June 5, it was almost impossible to determine whether a particular heap of stones, plaster, and débris had been a store, a warehouse, a public building, or a private residence. I found, in one place, ten or fifteen charred bags of coarse salt; in another, an earthenware crock filled with long-stemmed clay tobacco-pipes; in a third, a lot of padlocks, chains, carpenter's tools, and iron fish-spears; and in a fourth, the remains of a large tiled bath-basin; but there was nothing else to indicate that these places were the sites, respectively, of a warehouse, a tobacconist's shop, a hardware store, and a private dwelling. The buildings themselves had been razed to their foundation stones.

Although the walls left standing, after the blast of the 8th, had doubtless been weakened, to some extent, by fire, they still had the appearance of great solidity, and could hardly have been overthrown by anything less destructive than a second hurricane. An earthquake might have demolished them, but no earth-tremors were noticed at Morne Rouge or Fort de France, and no buildings were injured outside the area swept by the blast. It seems almost certain, therefore, that Mont Pelée fired two rounds at St. Pierre from its gigantic volcanic gun, without changing the aim; and that the second discharge completed the work of destruction begun by the first. Both eruptions were accompanied, or immediately followed, by torrential rains or cloud-bursts, and a deluge of water swept immense quantities of volcanic dust down the slopes of the mountain, in the shape of soft, pasty mud. This mud filled the valley of the Roxelane almost up to the floors of the bridges, buried many houses out of sight at the northern end of St. Pierre, and rushed into the sea so suddenly and in such enormous volumes as to produce a series of small tidal waves, which were observed and measured at Fort de France.

At the time when we visited St. Pierre all the bodies of the dead that could easily be recovered had been collected and burned; but thousands more lay buried in the ruins of the houses, or under heaps of wreckage and débris in the streets. They cannot be removed without extensive excavation, and they will doubtless lie there until only the bones are left. I doubt very much whether, in the lifetime of the present generation, any attempt will be made to rebuild the city. Wrecked

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towns are usually rebuilt by their surviving inhabitants; but St. Pierre has no surviving inhabitants—its whole population perished—and the impression made by the great disaster upon the people of the island was so deep, and the fear of the volcano is now so intense, that no men of the present generation are likely to make homes for themselves in that fire-scorched, ash-buried valley of death.

We wandered over the ruins of the wrecked city for an hour and a half or two hours, and were then driven by a heavy rain to the shelter of the tug. As soon as the shower passed, we ran up again to the mouth of the Rivière Blanche, and reached there just in time to see another eruption from the lower crater which threw a huge column of mud-smoke to a height of four or five thousand feet. It had a very menacing and terrifying appearance, but as the direction of the discharge was upward, and the rain of ashes that fell from it struck the ocean north of us, in the vicinity of Prêcheur, we felt less apprehension than at the time of the morning eruption, when we were nearer the coast. If we could have foreseen, however, what was about to happen on that side of the volcano, we should have watched these outbursts with a feeling of much greater anxiety and dread.

At ten o'clock the next morning, when the French cable steamer Pouyer Quertier was grappling for a broken cable about five miles off the mouth of the Rivière Blanche, there was an eruption of tremendous violence, which threw up a vapor-column that mushroomed to a width of fifty miles, and covered the whole island with the darkness of a total eclipse. At the same time a black tornado-cloud, precisely like the one that destroyed St. Pierre, burst out of the mountain-side, swept over the place where we were drifting the previous afternoon, and went five miles to sea, covering the Pouyer Quertier with ashes and small stones, and overwhelming four or five natives who happened to be passing in small boats on their way to Prêcheur. If we had happened to go up the western coast Friday instead of Thursday, our volcano investigations would probably have come to an end, because at ten o'clock our tug was lying close to the mouth of the Rivière Blanche, directly in the track of the tornado-blast, and Heilprin, Jaccaci, and Varian were just going ashore.

From our point of view at the mouth of the Rivière Blanche it was impossible to determine with perfect accuracy the location of the sub-crater on the southwestern face of the volcano; but the tremendous outbursts of mud-smoke came from a vent that was low down on the slope and not more than a mile and three-quarters from the coast line. The latest French chart of Martinique shows, on the right bank of the Rivière Blanche, nearly due east from Prêcheur, an unnamed peak, or elevated ridge, with a height of 2,296 feet. At the beginning of the eruption we could see this peak distinctly; and the uprush of mud-colored vapor showed greatest explosive energy at a point seven or eight hundred feet below and about fifteen hundred feet southeast of its summit. If the sub-crater be situated there, it must lie nearly twenty-five hundred feet below the main crater, and a mile and three-quarters away from it, on a line running about S. 30° W. This is very nearly the position given to it by Mr. Robert T. Hill, of the United States Geological Survey; but it does not correspond at all with the position of the Étang Sec, or Dry Lake, where destructive activity on this side of the mountain began. According to the French scientific commission of 1852, the Étang Sec was situated at the very head of the Rivière Blanche, perhaps a mile from the present main crater and 2,871 feet above the sea. The uprush of mud-vapor that we saw came from a point about a mile and three-quarters from the main crater, and not more, I think, than 1,500 or 1,600 feet above the sea.

The exact location of this sub-crater would not, perhaps, be a matter of particular importance if it had not been generally assumed that the blast which destroyed St. Pierre came from this particular vent. I do not think, myself, that such was the case; but it is necessary to have some idea of the topography of the mountain on its southern and western sides in order to understand what happened—or what seems to have happened—on the 8th of May.

Between the point where we saw the most energetic uprush of mud-smoke and the immense V-shaped notch, or amphitheater, just under the main crater, there

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is a deeply eroded ravine, or gorge, which, as seen from the St. Pierre side, cuts the upper slope of the mountain into halves, approximately along the line of the Rivière Blanche. In the bottom of this gorge there appears to be either a fissure or a series of vents, from which mud-smoke—that is, dust-charged vapor from the interior of the volcano—rises in a continuous cloud all the way from the main crater to the sub-crater, twenty-five hundred feet lower down. Standing in front of the Morne Rouge church, on the morning of May 31, I saw a brief eruption which sent up an unbroken wall of dark yellow mud-smoke along this gorge for a distance of considerably more than a mile. The line of the smoke-wall was exactly at right angles to my line of vision, and as the morning was clear and there were no intervening steam-jets I could see it perfectly and make sure that it was continuous. I had observed the same phenomenon from Acier during the great eruption of May 28, and noted it, at that time, as "an apparent widening of the crater in the direction of St. Pierre." What seemed, from that point of view, to be a sudden and extraordinary increase in the width of the ascending vapor-column was nothing more than its extension down the fissure, or series of vents, in the gorge of the Rivière Blanche. I think it probable, therefore, that from the great steep-sided amphitheater under the main crater there extends downward, in a direction somewhat west of St. Pierre, an opening, or openings, from the interior of the volcano, in the shape of a fissure, or a series of vents, from which dust-charged vapor rises during an eruption.

The direction of this line of cleavage from the V-shaped opening under the main crater is S. 30° W., while the direction of St. Pierre from the same point is S. 10° W. The outside lines of the explosive blast of May 8 were, approximately, due south and S. 50° W. radially away from the summit crater. The distance of St. Pierre from that crater is a trifle more than four miles and a quarter, and from the sub-crater in the valley of the Rivière Blanche about two miles and three-fifths. The existence of a fissure, or a series of vents, in the trough between these two craters is not at all certain; but I can think of no other explanation of the long wall of mud-smoke that I saw rising from the line of the trough when I was in Morne Rouge. I shall have occasion to refer to this assumed fissure and the position of the lower crater when I come to a consideration of the explosive blast that swept over the triangular area of total destruction on the 8th of May.

Every eruption of mud-smoke from the lower crater seemed to be accompanied by an increased discharge of the same kind of vapor from the main crater, and immediately afterward there were uprushes of white steam, intermittent floods of hot water, and geysers of liquid mud in the beds of all the streams and from the surface of the slope. I do not think, however, that there were any openings from the interior of the volcano on that side except the Rivière Blanche crater and the fissure or line of vents running from it to the crater on the summit. The vapor-jets and mud-geysers were probably nothing more than simple explosions, due to the sudden escape of steam that had formed in the hot lower depths of the semi-liquid but surface-hardened mud-slope.

The dust-charged vapor that came out of the two craters often seemed to be heavier than the air around it, and showed a tendency to roll in great billows or convolutions down the side of the mountain as well as down the trough of the fissure. The greater part of it was thrown upward, of course, by the force of the subterranean explosion; but around the edges of the craters, where it overflowed like a liquid, and escaped the upward blast from below, it rolled down the slope as if it were sinking of its own weight in a medium of lighter density. The movement, however, was slow, and the vapor, after falling a few hundred feet, generally drifted away horizontally in the direction of Prêcheur. Photographs taken from St. Pierre between the 10th and 20th of May show that this mud-smoke, at times, rolled quite down to the level of the sea, completely covering the slope of the volcano and hiding from sight everything north of the Rivière Blanche. Judging from what we saw, however, the downward movement of the vapor had no great force, and was due either to its own specific gravity or to a down-draught of air. A vapory inundation of that kind might have choked and

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suffocated the inhabitants of St. Pierre, but it would not have blown down houses and trees; it had not energy enough. The blast that destroyed the city was like the discharge from a colossal gun, while the rolling of the mud-smoke down the valley of the Rivière Blanche was like the rolling down of fog, from one level to another, in a mountain glen.

We watched the play of the steam-jets and mud-geysers in the valley of the Rivière Blanche until the sun was low in the west; but as there were no more extraordinary manifestations of volcanic activity, and as we were all tired, hungry, and wet, we finally returned, just before dark, to Fort de France.

Friday morning, June 6, a little after ten o'clock, as I sat in my room writing, I heard the voice of Mr. Jaccaci calling to me in an excited way from the lower landing; and as I rushed to my open door, he shouted: "Look at the volcano! There's another big eruption!" Mont Pelée was hidden from that point of view by the intervening peaks of Carbet; but over those peaks, at a height of two or three miles, I saw advancing, with extraordinary rapidity, the sun-illumined edge of a great volcanic cloud, which had been formed evidently by the mushrooming out of an immense column of dust-charged vapor from the main crater. When I first caught sight of it, it covered about half of the northern sky; but it moved with such rapidity that in less than five minutes it passed the zenith, eclipsed the sun, and threw a dark shadow over all the country between us and the Carbet peaks. It looked, in some respects, like the black canopy of a midsummer thunder-storm; but it was higher —two or three times as high, apparently, as the trade-wind clouds that drifted diagonally across it a mile above our heads. In order to get a better view, we left the hotel and walked westward through the "Savane" to the sea-beach, where our attention was immediately attracted to a rhythmical inrush and outflow of the sea. Every four or five minutes the water would recede, leaving the slope of the submerged beach exposed for a distance of thirty or forty feet. Then it would come back, like a swift tide, completely covering the whole beach and flooding even the gutters in the streets. The vertical height of the oscillations, from low ebb to full flood, seemed to be about five feet. There were no perceptible earth-tremors, and we could explain the phenomenon only by supposing that great quantities of water and mud had rushed suddenly into the sea from the western slope of the volcano. This may or may not account for the oscillations; but it is certain that every great eruption of Mont Pelée, since the 8th of May, has been attended or followed by small tidal waves of this kind, and no earthquake shock has been observed at any point on the coast.

After the volcanic cloud passed the zenith—fifteen miles and a half from the crater—it lost its rapidity of motion; but it continued to extend southward until it covered all of the sky except a narrow strip just above the horizon in the northeast, and another similar strip in the south. It then overshadowed the whole of Martinique and probably had a diameter of seventy-five or eighty miles. It certainly showered ashes on the island of St. Lucia, and caused such darkness at Castries that the Royal Mail steamer had to use a search-light in groping her way into the harbor. In Fort de France there was no fall of ashes and the darkness was like that of a total eclipse. The sky to the westward was intensely black, and the water of the ocean under it looked like dark-green marble streaked with veins of malachite. On this blackish-green sea, and under that hurricane cloud, all lighter colors, and especially white, assumed extraordinary vividness and brilliancy. The dull red of the harbor buoys became bright scarlet, the dirty spritsails of a few small fishing-boats looked like squares of snow, and the sides of the French cruiser Suchet were so intensely and brilliantly white as to be almost dazzling. At that time there was no direct sunshine, and all the light we had came from the narrow strip of uncovered sky along the northeastern horizon.

The gloom lasted about three hours. At one o'clock in the afternoon the volcanic cloud began to drift slowly westward; at three o'clock the sun was shining dimly in an atmosphere filled with smoky haze; and two hours later there remained only a bank of dark vapor, resting apparently on the ocean off St. Pierre and Prêcheur.

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Ascent in Joy

A Sermon by Lyman Abbott

And now come I to thee; and these things I speak in the world, that they might have my joy fulfilled in themselves.—John xvii., 13.

OR—"that they might have themselves filled to overflowing with my joy."

At first it must seem strange to us, this utterance at this time. Christ's ministry was brought towards its close; he was just entering on that last day of the Passion; he had gathered eleven about him, and one unfaithful had gone out in the darkness and the night, and he was left alone with the faithful ones; he had made his farewell charge to them, and now he was uttering the last and indeed the only recorded prayer of his we have, and it was in this prayer that he uses these words, just as he was to go out to Gethsemane, to the shame, the scorn, the spitting, the cross, the nails, the agony, the death, and he says, "I am saying these things that my joy may be fulfilled in them."

Joy may be roughly divided into three classes. There is, in the first place, the joy of the appetite, the joy of the animal condition. We will call that, if you please, pleasure. This is the joy that comes from the fitting in of the physical organism with all that is provided in nature to supply the physical organism; the joy of the body, the joy of the mere breathing and living, the joy that causes a child in summer to hop and whoop and hurrah and kick up his heels and dance and laugh because it is a good thing to live; the joy of the singing bird.

And then, in the second place, there are the joys of the social and industrial nature. We will call that, if you please, happiness—the joy that comes through the mere activities of life. Men, healthful men, if they are engaged in congenial employment, find joy in their work; the lawyer finds it in his office; the doctor finds it in his practice; the minister finds it in his preaching; the school-teacher finds it in his teaching; the merchant finds it in his warehouse; the mechanic finds it in the shop; the artist finds it in his painting. All healthful work ought to have and most healthful work does have some element of joyousness in it: as the joy of the bee gathering the honey from the flower and hiving it; the joy, too, of the social nature; the joy which comes through the interchange of life with life. There is the joy of mere living, physical living; then there is the joy of the higher, the industrial living, and the joy of the intermingling of life with life, the joy of friendship, the joy of the household, the joy of all social festivities.

There is something higher than that. We will call the first pleasure, we will call the second happiness. There is the joy that lies higher than either, and we will call that blessedness; it is the joy of the spiritual nature and the higher affectional nature; the joy of love, the joy of faith, the joy of hope; the joy of a good conscience, the joy of doing what is right because it is right; the joy of the mother in the service of her child; the joy of the wife in the ministries of the household for love's sake; the joy of the patriot serving and suffering on the battlefield; the joy of self-sacrifice; the joy of tears.

The first, pleasure, finds its expression in merriment and life; the second, happiness, finds its expression in smiles, or in simple quiet and calmness; the last and highest of all finds its deepest expression in tears, for it is strange, is it not, that sorrow and joy both find their expression in the same thing, and our highest joys weep, as our sorrows weep.

So there is this highest joy of all, the joy of the deep affections; the joy of the invisible; the joy of the consciousness of the Divine Presence; the joy of righteousness; the joy of martyrdom; the joy that illuminates invalidism; the joy of tears. That is blessedness. Of course you cannot draw a sharp line, as I have drawn it in statement. Pleasure runs into happiness, and happiness runs into blessedness, and blessedness throws back its radiance on to pleasure and happiness. Our pleasures are greater if we are blessed, our sorrows are lightened if we are blessed. Still, for convenience, I want to distinguish these three classes: the joy of the physical condition, which we call pleasure; the

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joy of the social and industrial activities, which we call happiness; and the joy of the spiritual nature, which we will call blessedness.

If you will look at the life of Christ you will see he had something of all three of these; but not very much of pleasure. There are some little indications of his acquaintance with pleasure in the marvelous story of the Prodigal Son, and in the parable of the children playing in the market-place; he found pleasure in trees, in flowers, in mountains, in nature; but still there is not a great deal of account of Christ's having what you might call a pleasant time in his life. There is some indication of happiness. He loved his friends, he loved his work. It is perfectly clear as you read the story of his life that he did his work, not because he had to furnish, as it were, a sermon every Sunday morning, and it became a duty to preach; when he had something to say he found a delight in saying it; it was a chance he saw to minister to other people. The whole industry of his life was a happy industry; if it had not been so he could not have drawn men to him as he did; men are not drawn to a hard, long, dismal face; the happiness of his work drew men to him. And he had happiness, too, in social relationship. He counted a good deal on that. When he drew the group of twelve disciples about him, it was not merely as a theological class that he might teach, it was as twelve personal, intimate friends; and he cared for their friendship. Out of this twelve he selected three and cared for them more; and out of this three he selected one whom he cared for most of all. He rejoiced in the joy of friendship. When he was about to die he gathered the disciples about him and he told them that this was what he had desired to do, that in this social gathering he found pleasure and happiness.

Yes, Christ knew something of pleasure, and he knew more of happiness, but most of all he knew of blessedness. The deeper joys were his; the joy that walks in the invisible, the joy of companionship with God, the joy of doing righteously, the joy of suffering for righteousness' sake, the joy of self-sacrifice, the joy of pain, the joy of tears, these were his, and these were more to him than others, more than happiness, more than pleasure.

I think at this time, when he said these words to the disciples, the other joys had passed. It seems strange that he should have chosen this time to say, "My joy shall be fulfilled in you," but in truth, when we are having our greatest pleasure, or when we are having our greatest happiness, we are not having our greatest blessedness. One dims the other. As the electric light dims the gaslight, and the sunlight dims them both, so the joy of blessedness dims the joy of happiness and the joy of pleasure, and we care less for this when we have them. The time had gone by for Christ for pleasure and for happiness. Never more again would he stand on the mountain-side and drink in the great draughts of fresh air; never again would he look up into the blue sky and see the fleecy clouds sailing over his head; never again would the birds sing above his head and bring the message of a Father's love and watchfulness over him. That was all in the past. Never again would he speak to a great thronging, eager congregation; never again would he see the eyes of an intent people fixed upon him, and all ears open to hear his message; never again would the laughter of the congregation be roused by some keen satire or some humorous touch; never again would the tears come into the eyes of eager listeners at some pathetic word, some picture, some touch of human life and home. All the joy of work was passed before him. Never again would his friends and companions gather about him and buoy him up and strengthen him by their own love. He was to go out and wrestle in anguish. While his friends were sleeping he was to be betrayed, then denied, forsaken. The happiness of social life was gone for him; but not joy, no, not joy. The joy of submitting to the Father's will when it was hard to submit—that would be his; the joy of crying out, "Not my will but thine be done"—that would be his; the joy of standing patient and quiet and unmoved midst a storm of human passion beating down upon him—that would be his; the joy of looking upon a mother and a beloved disciple, and forgetting himself and putting the one into the loving care and keeping of the other—that would be his; the joy of lifting up his heart to God with the prayer that God would forgive the enemies who were beat-

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ing him and maltreating him and persecuting him and putting him to death because they did not know what they were doing—that would be his; the joy of putting himself into his Father's keeping even in the awful hour when his Father seemed to have withdrawn himself and to be no longer his own; the joy of solitude, the joy of crucifixion, the joy of sacrifice, the joy of dying that others might live, and weeping that others might rejoice, and suffering that others might be filled with his life—that would be his.

Sometimes we may take a cant phrase and get the meaning of a real experience by looking at the cant phrase and seeing what it means: for a cant phrase is only a phrase that once was full of meaning and has been emptied of its meaning, because it has been used so often without any meaning in it. There is a phrase of that kind that has almost grown to be cant, "Joys which the world cannot give and the world cannot take away," but it is true. There are such joys; the world cannot give them and the world cannot take them away. The world can give the joy of sun and flowers and birds and air; the world can give the joy that comes to a strong young man full of the joy of youth, and like a strong man rejoicing to run a race—it can give that and it can take it away; it can put him on a bed of sickness, it can choke up his lungs and make breathing a pain and anguish, it can dim his eye, it can dull the ear—it can give pleasure and take it away; and the world can give the joy of companionship, the joy of sweet, sacred fellowship, the joy of the home circle, of society, of good work, noble, enthusiastic, inspiring—the world can give happiness and can take it away. But there are other joys which the world cannot give and cannot take away. It cannot give the joy of solitude and it cannot take the joy of solitude away; it cannot give the joy of tears and it cannot take the joy of tears away; it cannot give the joy of invalidism and it cannot take the joy of invalidism away; it cannot give the joy of sin forgiven and it cannot take away the joy of sin forgiven; it cannot give the joy of submission to another higher, diviner will and it cannot take away the joy of that submission—and the joy is the greater the harder it is to submit. Yes, there are joys—though the words are cant so often—there are joys which the world cannot give, there are joys which the world cannot take away, and those were Christ's at that time. The world could take away the audience that gathered about him at the Sermon on the Mount, and give him in the place of it an audience that were crying, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" The world could take away the twelve disciples that followed him, leaving him nothing but men scoffing at him and crying, "Others he saved, he cannot save himself;" but the world could not take away the joy of one who said, "I am not alone, for the Father is with me." That the world had not given him and that the world could not take away from him.

So there are these three joys which may be ours. The first is pre-eminently the joy of childhood—the joy of life; and the second is the joy of manhood—the joy of struggle and endeavor; and the third is the joy of a peaceful old age, and yet we need not wait for old age to get the last. There is the joy of life, and there is the joy of living no longer, which is better than life. There is the joy of aspiration, the joy of eager hope, the joy of a life looking out and thinking of what lies beyond. And then there is the joy of great, eager, earnest endeavor, the pushing out for that something dimly seen or clearly seen. And then there is the joy of great achievement, looking back upon a life and saying, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course." And then there is a joy of failure and sin forgiven; there is the joy of a soul that looks back and says, "I have not lived the life I wanted to live, I have not done the things I wanted to do, I have not accomplished what I was going to accomplish, but God has forgiven my failures, and God loves me and I love God." It is the joy of gray hairs, it is the joy of the old age, it is the joy of success achieved or failure cast on God, the joy of righteousness wrought or of sin forgiven, the joy in the Lord.

Life is like a river. First it rises in the mountains, and comes laughing and tumbling down in many a merry cascade, glinting in the sunshine and sparkling like diamonds and pearls—that is pleasure. Then it comes into the valley and turns the great

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mill-wheels and is bordered with useful industries and grows larger with the larger current and grander service—that is happiness. By and by it broadens out as it seeks the sea, the great white-winged ships ever on its bosom, and one cannot tell whether it is river or ocean, whether it is man or God. That is blessedness. If we have that joy of Christ in us this Sabbath morning, we do not care for this storm without or these clouds overhead, his joy has filled us to overflowing.

Columbine

By Katharine Holland Brown

THE western sky flung a pennant of daffodil light from zenith to horizon's gray. The lake was a tumult of gold and rose; strewn like orchard petals, the whitecaps flickered across its heaving, luminous floor. Mère Drouet, mending nets on the lakeward platform of her cabin, put up a beckoning hand as I passed by.

"She too dark for work some more," she coaxed. "Ain' you tell me you'se'f you can't do nossing right when the sun gone down? My ol' man, he take one gran' load cottagers to sail over to des Bois Blanc, an' I is dat 'lone!"

"But I ought to work to-night."

"Is'n' you got days 'nough ahead for work 'thout you stuffs you' nights full, too?"

"Will you bring out a story if I come?"

"You is already hear all story' on thees islan'," protested Mère Drouet, pulling me down on a bench. "You is know all person' of thees tale like you's blood-brother'. Père Antoine, the W'ite Trapper, de Windigo"——

"I can't stay unless you remember a new one," persisted the spirit of Jacob.

Mère Drouet looked past me without answering. No flicker of expression lit her brown, ancient face, carved in inscrutable lines; the stern calm of her Chippewa blood held every muscle in leash. Yet a dim red burned and grew in the leathern cheek; her eyes, deep-glowing under tangled brows, caught a subtle light from the fading day.

"I is too ol' for remember some ting," she said presently. "These year' they come slip up, slip up, when you ain' lookin', jus' like the lake, an' they creep back, so sof', you nev' know they's gone, till you is see what they is take away. When I try 'member, I fin' I don' know nossing, for sure; not even 'bout Columbine."

"Columbine?"

"Ain' you nev' hear of her?" Mère Drouet bent a narrowing gaze on me. Her hands clenched over the heap of cords in her lap. The dark flush deepened at my "No."

"It is not so much to tell," she pondered. "Me, I think 'bout it sometimes, 'cause it is all so strange, I ain' understan' it yet. Columbine, she is have Chippewa father an' French mother, an' of her gran'mère, which is Irish, she have the eyes blue an' the hair curl, tight, all over her head. Her people is all die' when she is li'l beby, an Père Ronné, what is here before Father Antoine, he is take her to bring up like his own. Madame, you is attempt' to control the French an' the Indian, tout seul, is they bad 'nough; an' by time you is mix' in a li'l Irish—ah, bien! the Blessed Saints theyse'fs ain' goin' know handle any such embarrass. An Père Ronné, for all he try the bes' he kin do, he is yet nossing but a man.

"He is christen her Rose-Marie-Thérèse, for that she born on St. Theresa' Day. But she so slim an' straight an' proud, an' she climb the rocks all the time, so before she has five year', they begin call her ever'where, Columbine. You know these flower, Madame? He stan' on de highes' rocks, an' he bob he curl' head at you, Nossir! He ain' goin' come down for nobody! An' if you will possess him you mus' climb hills an' wade brooks an' bruise you' hands, an' crawl up, up, till you's high as he 'fore you kin touch 'im. An' that's Columbine.

"Père Ronné, he is try ev' way for break her, year after year. Some day he laugh, some day he pray. Always he

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tell her, 'Columbine, it is the spirit of Satan what make you so proud. If that you will not drive it out, then not I, not all the Holy Church, can save you that Las' Day. Humble you'se'f, an' walk as one of you' own people.'

"Columbine, she ain' say nossing; she jus' laugh an' run away. She hol' her head higher than Madame up to the Fort, she walk like the earth so pore she don' want touch it wis her foots. Ev'body in Mackinac is kind to her; but when they try talk to her 'bout that wicked pride, she ain' nev' stop to listen. Yo'ng? An' yo'ng folks mus' be permit' to be happy? Ah, Madame, that is what people always say. Me, I don' know. When we is yo'ng we is toujour' tear down, tear down; on'y when we is old we begin learn to build up. Surely it is better to build up than to destroy.

"When Columbine is seventeen, she is sent up to the Fort, to be maid to Madame la Commandante. Madame, she isn't have no daughter, an' she is always fancy Columbine, so she dress her an' pet her like she her own li'l girl. She is have Madame's blue silk, what is too small for her, wis rosebuds all sew' over it, an' her velvet hat; and she is wear lace on her aprons ev'y day. All the generals is ver' nize to her, too. Bien, Columbine her head go up so high she can't see none of her ole friend' no more, an' she begin t'ink she possess that whole Fort. Pretty? Ah, Madame, how can I tell? I on'y know what people tell me; an' that is mos' fifty year gone. She slim an' straight as a yo'ng tree, they say, an' her hair all rusty red, an' curl' tight, an' her eyes blue like the lake where it touch the sky. Certainement, they is one person think she pretty, an' that is Lucien, what keep the mail-boat. He is love her since they is li'l babies, an' use' play in the Father's garden together, an' he lay his course straight to reach her for his wife. But what is he goin' do when he beam wind fail him?

"All these time, they is a yo'ng general, name' Captain Mount, what is stay up at the Fort for help M'sieu le Commandant. He look at Columbine once in a while, an' he give her a pin wis li'l blue rocks in it, for her birfday, but he isn't talk wis her much. One morning she is send in Madame's garden, for cut flowers, an' prett' soon the Captain gallop down the lawn on he horse.

"'Throw me a rose, Columbine,' he say.

"'Pick you's own roses,' she tell 'im jus' for mischief. He jump off an' come catch her hands.

"'I is demand the sweetes' one of all,' he say, an' he stoop like he goin' kiss her. Columbine, she know she can't pull her han' away; she is set her teefs an' look straight past him, an' she so angry, she can't speak nor move. An' as they stan' there, while he is laugh' an' coax, an' she still as ice, somebody leap the wall an' come to them. An' it's Lucien; all in he work' clothes he is, an' white as the stone behind him.

"'What is this, Columbine?' he say.

"Columbine look back at him like she is wonder who it can be what dare speak to her.

"'If you want me to go, I'll go,' Lucien tell her. It is on'y June, Madame, an' the air cold as lake water, but the sweat come stand on his face like rain. 'It is as you bid me, Columbine. But if I go, it is to stay.'

"Her lips is burn', Madame, to tell him 'Wait,' but she don' say it. It is her pride what hold her; she can't make herse'f confess that it is all a joke.

"'I is use' hope that I may some day ask you for my wife,' Lucien say. An' that is where he make his mistake, Madame. Does he think she is goin' say, 'Bien, take me, Lucien?'

"Nobody is answer. Captain Mount is let go her hand, an' they stan' there like the rock people in Madame's parlor. Then Lucien is pick up he cloak an' swing he'se'f over the wall 'gin.

"'Good-by, Columbine,' he say, ver' low. An' he's gone.

"'Now will you leave me, Monsieur?' she say. 'Surely you have done enough!'

"Captain Mount, he kiss her hand, an' he beg her forgive him. He say—oh, Madame, you know for you'se'f jus' what he is say. Thees mens is all talk alike. He swears he's shame' that he is grieve Lucien, an' he tell her they mus' plan for make their peace wis him. It won' nev' do to talk togezzer there; they mus' climb the hill, to the Wishing Spring. Columbine, she say no, she don' want see nor hear of him never no more; but he coax

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an' beg, an' say he's goin' be there to-morrow, whether she go or not; an' somehow, when the time come, she is fin' herse'f up the hill, she can't say how.

"What is they talk about? Bien, Madame, the Captain he is do all the talkin', an' Columbine she isn't have nossing to say, on'y she declares she ain' comin' no more. The Captain say, 'Good-by till to-morrow, Columbine?' an' she tell 'im, 'Good-by pour toujour!' but jus' the same, nex' day, they is come 'cross each ozer at the Wishing Spring. The Captain is ver' serious; he say he have somesing to tell her, what he can't speak now; he don' talk so much, he jus' look at her all the time; an' when she start to go back, an' he ask her to come 'gain nex' day—ah, Madame, he ain' need to make her promise!

"Six day they meet an' talk at Wishing Spring; an' the seventh day, he kneel down an' take her hands an' say he love her best of any in the world; will she try love him, too? Columbine, she set her teef an' she ain' speak; but if he start away through flood an' fire, her soul is leave her body to follow after.

"Nex' morning, she is work in the library, when they bring in a letter for Captain Mount. He read it, an' he gnaw he lip till the blood come; then he go into M'sieu's office an' shut the door. Prett' soon he come out an' go 'way in a skiff, all by he'se'f. He say nossing to Columbine; he nev' give her one look as he start away.

"Columbine, she go on wis her work. She isn't know whether she is dead or living; on'y she know she don' dare stop. 'Long 'bout sundown, she climb down to the landing. The lake pink as the sky, an' smoove as you' hand; but when she put her ear to the pebble', she hear it go whiss! whiss! ver' soft—ah, Dieu, Madame, she know what that mean!

"Madame le Commandante is come down to the beach, jus' as she is haul out her boat.

"'Don' go far, Columbine,' she say. 'He too late. I wish Captain Mount is come back. He is row over to Mackinaw for meet he wife an' he li'l beby. They is come all the way from Washin'ton, for s'prise him. Lucien is to bring them all over in the mailboat.'

"Columbine, she is'n' speak; mos' like, she is'n' hear. She put out from shore an' she row for her life. Which one of those two men is she goin' save? Ah, Madame, how is I know?

"The storm crawl up, soft as a snake. Firs', the water begin purr, an' the sky turn gray; then the wind it fresh', an' the whitecaps dance up thick, an' the boat begin moan an' tremble like you beat her. Prett' soon they is green streaks crossin' the clouds, an' the wind call loud an' shrill. Jus' one minute more to breathe; then the night an' the storm swoop down together.

"Frightened? She has fear for some one else, maybe; not for herse'f. All she can do is hol' her canoe afloat, an' shout, loud's her voice can go. It is one hour, maybe two, that she drift an' call. All at once she hear her own name, 'Columbine! Columbine, save us!'

"She hol' her boat straight's she know how, an' in one minute she slip up 'longside of Lucien's boat, an' there is the two men an' the lady an' the li'l beby aboard. The rudder is broke', an' the boat is ship water at ev'y wave. They is jus' room for one more in her own canoe. Columbine put out her han' to the Captain's wife.

"'I'll take her an' the beby,' she says. 'That all I kin do.' Madame Mount is catch up her beby an' creep into the canoe. Then she turn an' look back at her husban'.

"'Oh, I can't leave him!' she cry. 'Take my beby, an' let me go back to him! We'll die togedder.'

"Jus' as she call out, there come one great wave, an' the mail-boat spill straight over, like a bowl. Both men is come up, clingin' to the sides; an' they isn't neither one of them screech nor cry for help. In that breath, she mus' decide: will she save her own life? Or will she save the man that is love her—or the one that she is love?

"Maybe she is think 'bout the wife; maybe she think, 'All is finish' for me; why shall I stay on to live?' What she is do is pull Captain Mount aboard, jus' as she swing herse'f out into the water. The wave sweep her back, an' Lucien catch her arm; they is toss away into the black water.

"Lucien, he is keep hol' of the rudder wis one hand an' steady her wis the other,

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They drift all night; they ain' try speak, for they mus' save all they strength. Hours an' hours they cling to each ozer in the black water; at las' the wind go down, an' the lake begin turn gray under the dawn. But they is swept miles out in the lake by this time; an' the water cold as death.

"After a while Lucien speak. 'We can't live long in this, Columbine,' he say. 'If I could, I is save you for him; but that he is not worthy. We is go together, li'l girl; they ain' no chance more.'

"Columbine, she look up an' she see he's white as the lake foam. He is firs' work' so hard to keep the boat afloat, an' then he is hol' her up all these time, an' he is give out, complètement. Bien, she don't care, maybe, for shese'f; but she slip her han' under his arm an' she grip the rudder, so now she is hold him afloat, as he is do for her. Firs' he say no, he will rather sink than to pull her down, but she don' listen, an' he too far gone to say any more.

"Of what is she t'ink, Madame, as she keep him up beside her? Is she hunger for the man what is deceive her? Is she pray to live, or is she pray to die? Myse'f, I b'leeve that all her prayer is to save Lucien; while she may not give him love she will yet toil to give him life.

"The sun roll up, red as flame; she isn' see. The wind call an' whistle an' moan; she isn' hear. The waves lift them higher, higher, till at las' they is toss ashore 'way up the mainland; she isn't know. It is days an' weeks 'fore she is open her eyes 'gain, to fin' she mus' yet live. They is all wis her, Lucien an' Père Ronné, an' Madame; they talk wis her an' pet her an' tell her all 'bout that accident, an' how she mus' get well an' make them all happy 'gain; she is look back at them like they's pictures on the wall. On'y Lucien does she seem to know; when he come near her, it is as though she try wake herse'f from dream.

"What was the trouble? Madame, you see that big roller heap up 'way out past the buoy? They is no wind for make it; it is jus' one queer trick of the lake. Bien; watch him now."

The great wave reeled landward, dipping and rising; its black bulk lifted a luminous crest of foam. It toppled, hissing across the trodden sand; the receding water left the beach swept clean as a plane of steel.

"So it was with her mind, Madame; her grief and then the long sickness is brush away all recollection; she is not 'member Madame, who is favor her since she's li'l girl; she is not 'member Père Ronné, who is been father an' mother; she is not 'member Lucien, who is live his life for her. She don' look up when they's call Columbine; she ain' even know shese'f.

"After long months they begin teach her all thing', like she is li'l beby. She learn très vite, once more her strength is return', an' by nex' St. Teresa' day she is seem jus' the same Columbine. On'y behin' her lies another life, all seal' like a book; a book that ain' to be open' in this worl'.

"When she is become ver' well again, an' her cheeks pink, an' her eyes sparkle once more, Lucien is take her away wis him one day, up to Wishing Spring. Then he tell her, jus' as gentle as he know how, all 'bout her life on the islan' since she's jus' enfant, an' use' play wis him down on de sand. She listen, for it is all new story to her. When he come to where he mus' tell her 'bout Captain Mount he choke, an' it is as though that name burn he lips; but Columbine, she ain' laugh nor frown; it is all jus' story to her. Even is she not interest' when he say that the Captain an' all is saved, an' is gone 'way 'gain, for toujour. An' why should she care? She don' know these people.

"He tell her all, ev' word. She look up at him, ver' curious.

"'So I is save you' life; is it so, Lucien?' she say.

"'You is save my life at cost of all those year' of you's own, Columbine,' he tell her. 'I can't nev' make it up to you; it is not best that I try, when you' love is give' already to that other. I know for me there is no hope. I go to-morrow to the mainland, an' then to work in the south; I ain' nev' comin' back to the islan'; for if part of you' life is seal' away, this best of mine is bury' here.'

"Columbine, she look off 'cross the gray water. Her thoughts is come slow, but her word' is make them plain.

"'Then I ain' possess any right 'tall

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to that life which I is save'?' she ask 'im, ver' low."

The lake gloomed black in the twilight. Only a handful of stars pricked the dim bosom of the mist with rapiers of pearl. But soon the flames of a strange new dawn rose red in the east; the lake flashed broad on the sight once more, a royal highway, paved in mosaic of fire.

Across this luminous path there drifted a phantom sail, white even against the whiteness of the moon. Mère Drouet stood up; her strong old body wavered, her eyes shone.

"It's Père Drouet," I said. "Why, he's all alone in the boat!"

"Columbine!" The name rang piercing-sweet across the water. "I is leave those folks one minute for come see if you's all right. C'est bien, Columbine!"

Mère Drouet leaned far out over the rail. The beauty of fifty years away shone again in her happy eyes; the pride of her race spoke in her lifted head, her swift gesture; the purer pride of the woman beloved and content rang in her tender call:

"C'est bien, Lucien?"

Young Men's Leagues for Small Towns

By Calvin Dill Wilson

CHANGED conditions in many parts of our land, multiplication of railways and trolley lines, influences that bring communities close together, have affected our minor towns in things moral as well as commercial. A few decades ago our country boroughs were considered very desirable environments for young men. Now those of two or three thousand people are no longer "country towns" in the old sense; they are little cities, with modern improvements and ready access to neighboring larger cities. More than that, they are in the transition state socially and morally; they are yeasty, fermenting with the new leaven but not yet transformed. They are crude; the city or the large old town with fixed standards is safer and better for youths. The small towns have not enough wealth to provide public libraries, Young Men's Christian Associations, lecture courses, and other wholesome attractions for the young. But saloons and pool-rooms are in evidence; and young men of good families, who in larger places would find other centers of attraction, or would fear loss of standing by frequenting doubtful resorts, in small towns (when they are in the rebellious period against home influences, Sunday-school, church, and similar restraints) lounge brazenly in these questionable places.

What, then, can be done for young men in these lesser communities? How can moral influences be thrown about them, by which they can be won away from dangerous haunts? The problem is one of great difficulty, but it is not impossible of solution. In larger towns and cities the Young Men's Christian Association, with lecture course, gymnasium, and lecture-room, provides to a large extent suitable environment to win youths from vicious resorts, and affords a safe and pleasant atmosphere; but these organizations cannot be founded readily or supported in smaller places. The "Association" refuses to establish chapters in towns that are not able to purchase and maintain buildings of their own, since experience proves that such propertyless organizations are of uncertain life-tenure, and failures bring the Young Men's Christian Association into disrepute. The philanthropists who are bestowing free public libraries so liberally do not care to establish these in towns of less than ten thousand inhabitants, and they usually exact of the local people supplementary gifts or a building site. The small town is thus thrown back upon its own resources and the courage and ingenuity of its own people.

As indicating how this problem has been successfully solved in one village of three thousand inhabitants, this brief account may prove useful to others who are seeking light on what to do for young men in small towns. Realizing the great needs of the youth in their community, realizing also the impossibility of found-

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ing a wholesome rendezvous for youths on an ambitious scale, two of the local ministers arranged and carried out the following plan. They began by making a canvass among the business men of the town, soliciting money to equip a gymnasium and reading-room. They succeeded in collecting five hundred dollars for equipment, and in receiving assurance of two hundred dollars more for annual support. They then rented an old but commodious building, with one large, high-ceilinged room and another small room, for about one hundred and fifty dollars a year. They, fortunately, were able to purchase, at a much reduced price, in a neighboring city, some gymnasium apparatus, in good condition, from an association that had disbanded, thus saving a large part of their five hundred dollars, although that, in case of need, would have procured a considerable amount of new apparatus. The walls of the large room were whitewashed, stoves were set up, and necessary repairs were made. The smaller room was papered; several small tables and a large one were purchased; chairs were presented by the town people; magazines and games were bought.

Membership tickets were then sold at two dollars each (a very small price when compared with the cost of similar privileges in cities, but the object was to bring the comforts and uses of the place within reach of all), and a hundred members were enrolled. The money for annual support was thus brought up to four hundred dollars, including the guarantee fund. Plans were at once made for further revenues by arranging for field days, when an admission fee would be charged to the public. A janitor was procured at ten dollars a month.

The next problem was how to keep the institution going without the aid of a salaried secretary, such as adds so much to the cost of associations for young men as ordinarily maintained. To get rid of this difficulty, volunteers were called for from among the members who would be willing to act as curators in turn once a month, for an afternoon or an evening. Responses were ready and numerous, and thus proper supervision was guaranteed whenever the building should be open, without the expense of a paid attendant. The management of affairs was placed in the hands of a Board of Directors, selected partly from among the business men of the town and partly from among the members of the association. The title "Young Men's League" was adopted as the name of the organization. A trainer was employed to come from a neighboring city, once a week, at two dollars a visit, and each member who enters his class is charged ten cents per lesson. The training on other days than the one on which the teacher is present is put into the hands of the more expert athletes among the members.

A constitution was adopted that includes many of the chief points of a Young Men's Christian Association; the objects of the organization being declared to be the moral, spiritual, and physical welfare of the young men of the town. Members were asked to voluntarily sign a pledge to attend church once a week, or forfeit a dime when such attendance is omitted; this matter was not urged overmuch, but a majority of the members readily consented to that which was voluntary, when a rigid rule might have caused rebellion.

Tennis-courts have been rented for the summer season; ball-grounds are also within the care of the League; and in good weather the most expert members strive in rivalry in various sports in the neighboring fair-grounds, and increase the revenues of the organization by the gate receipts.

To widen the sphere of the League's usefulness, certain hours are set apart for the use of the gymnasium by school-girls, women teachers, and other women, and the fees paid by these are added to the revenues of the League; at these hours no men or boys are allowed about the building, and a woman trainer is brought from a neighboring town.

The afternoons from three-thirty to five-thirty o'clock are given to the junior members—boys from ten to sixteen years of age. The evenings belong to the senior members. Certain hours of the morning are given to such men of the community as work at night and take their sleep from ten o'clock onward during the day. So the benefits of the League are extended to all classes.

Almost at once the League became

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popular. The reading-room is filled with young men enjoying the new magazines and games. The gymnasium has provided the needed outlet for youthful energies. The young men who had been spending many hours in saloons and pool-rooms are now found daily in the quarters of the League.

It may be said in objection to all of this plan that the home would be a still better place for young men; but we are confronted with the fact that many of the young men do not spend their leisure hours at home and cannot be induced to do so. We are not advocating an institution to rival the home, but one with which to fight perilous resorts. The young men will gather together somewhere; their social needs must be met. Many of them will meet in the pool-room if no better place is provided as a rendezvous.

It may be observed that there is very little religion in this "Young Men's League," and that this is surprising since it has been founded by ministers. These ministers found it best to give the young men what they wanted; these said that they "did not want too much religion." The clergymen found that the scheme of fighting the saloons with a wholesome meeting-place for the young men would be defeated altogether if they insisted on religious features being made prominent. They established at first a Sunday afternoon Bible-study class, which was attended only by young men who were already in some of the Sunday-schools, and this class was made an excuse for falling out of their home churches. The fact that the ministers have gotten pledges of attendance at church from many members, and have come into close touch with the young men, and have influenced the making of wholesome by-laws and rules for the organization, may be felt to be a work in the direction of righteousness and finally of Christianity.

The ministers who have devoted so much time and work to the organization and continuance of the League feel that they are in line with their professional duties, since they have provided a wholesome and pleasant place for the young men, and are able thus to win them away from perilous resorts such as would certainly lead them further from the church; they are keeping in close sympathy with the healthful pleasures of the young, and are able to induce many to attend church services who otherwise would stand off from the churches and the clergy.

Franklin, Ohio.

A New Poet[1]

By James Lane Allen

A FRESH voice has of late been heard singing through the greenwood of American poetry. Those who have had the good taste to listen must soon have discovered that the songs are not always made out of material within the wood. Nature indeed gave birth to the singer there; she fixed his abode there; she said to him, as she said to other American poets, This is your time and place—work here and now. But though he is happy at most seasons to dwell with the freedom of a native in his native region, intervals recur when it appears irresistible to him not to attempt escape to other lands.

But this also is Nature's way with the poet. She gives him his own country for bread—of which so often it supplies too little; and for the reality of life—of which so often it supplies too much. She gives him his country for all things else, if he can find all things else within it. Then she dowers him fabulously besides with all other lands of fact or faery, and empowers him to cross at liberty the boundaries of these in order to reach whatsoever truth and beauty may mean more to him than the native and the near. So that all great lands, whether of history or fancy, are the poet's peculiar country. Wheresoever man, the long wanderer, has left in the human solitudes behind him any noble proof of any of his noble powers, the poet may feel necessity laid upon him to travel far back to this before he shall find the spring of his own art and the oasis of life's peace. So

[1] *The Ship of Silence*. By E. A. N. Valentine. The Bowen-Merrill Co.

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Fitzgerald, forsaking his own and other birthrights, made his ever-living country amid the uttermost sands.

Of all the makers of a nation's literature, therefore, its poets are the greatest travelers in mind; often with the mere intent of beholding, and afterwards of bringing back as their only gathered treasure the memories of things seen; but sometimes also as thrifty merchants, who send laden camel-trains homeward across the deserts and freighted ships homeward across the seas.

A classification not altogether useless could be made of our own American poets on the basis of this idea. They might be divided into non-importers and importers. The importers might further be graded as importers of raw material, importers of mere designs, and importers of finished fabrics. It would not have been a bad idea, could it have been made possible in practice, for the Government long ago to establish a literary custom-house at every port of entry and tax these metrical patriots according to their goods. If the wealth of some had been reduced by the seizure of everything but what in all just ways should have been admitted free of duty, there would have been some empty trunks—large, deep ones—left on the hands of the bards.

Any reader of these true poems will discover that the writer of them has been a mental traveler. He has loved to loiter through the old poetic lands. Most of all his imagination has haunted Greece—and Greece has haunted his imagination. But every reader should discover likewise that he is not a poetic merchant, not an importer of fiber or pattern or finished piece. It is worth while to consider then how foreign influence, Greek for example, affects some of his lyrics.

Suppose him to have an American subject. As he ponders this, suddenly between him and it will rise thoughts of the civilization of Greece; and he will begin to imagine it and to work it out in a double set of terms—one American and one Greek. He does not so much write of it with a divided mind as with a double mind.

Thus an American wheat-field is not simply a wheat-field to him with modern mysteries of nature. In the green sea of it all summer there floats a mermaid. A pine-tree is not simply a pine-tree with all that an American poet might say of it through knowing its life in nature as this has never been known before. It is a demigod. A man sits gazing into his dying fire on a winter night. The room is full of dancing shadows, a cold wind is rising, the wet leaves stick to the window-panes. This is familiar American reality; but it is not enough for the poet: before the gazer's eyes, crouched amid the red ashes, a hamadryad reveals herself. Autumn has come, an American autumn of red sumac and whirling maple leaves, of swallows in twittering clouds, of fox and wild grape, squirrel and nut, village and orchard and cider-press. Nothing could be more real. But this vision of reality is not enough. Suddenly by the poet all creatures in wild nature are heard calling for Silenus. On a mountain-side a man is penetrating a forest of hemlock, oak, and cedar, of silence and noonday gloom. As he pauses on the craggy stairs, a sound reaches him from the leafy dark, like a sob, like the sound of water on a distant reef. He follows the sound. It leads him far inward to the audience-chamber of the sibyl of the waterfall. It is a sultry day in a town; a noon of quivering heat. The street is deserted; the eye beholds a bare stretch of cobblestones. Not far off is the public square in which flowers are blooming and a fountain plays. This is a clear American vision of reality; who does not know it? But the poet must add the Greek vision: suddenly the scales fall from his eyes and he sees three strangers, barefoot, idle loiterers, enter the square. They are browned by sun and wreathed with vine—sylvan wanderers from Arcadia of old.

Such poems as—"The Spirit of the Wheat," "A Mountain Pine," "The Hamadryad," "Silenus," "The Mountain Sibyl," "Strayers from Arcadia"—serve, then, to illustrate the Greek influence on American themes. "The Mountain" is another illustration of the same double vision; the spirit of the mountain becomes a giant, his limbs gnarled with strength, his staff a hemlock with which he drives at morn and eve his flocks of mist.

Clearly this poet, as many another in many another country, has fallen in love with the primitive Greek philosophy of

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nature, with the old enchanting metaphysics of corn and vine, of flame and stream. He would at times rather be a pagan than a modern with a modern creed, if only he might see what the pagan saw. But necessarily he never sees this; what modern can? Exquisite, therefore, as many of these Greek-American poems are, it is the American spirit that makes them exquisite, not the Hellenic. The eyes of Greek poetry, which once looked out on the universe so wonderfully, have been closed for ages, and no charm, no spell of genius however great, will ever disturb their sacred sleep. Even to sing of young American nature with such memories is much as if one should go among fresh beds of hyacinths and violets and sprinkle them with faint gold-dust gathered from a tomb of old Mycenæ. The gold-dust is gold-dust still; but all that once made it significant has perished, and it has nothing to do with the hyacinths and the violets.

Elsewhere there is another *motif* wholly unlike the foregoing; it may be described as the Christ *motif*. The actual country is now Palestine, and the spiritual country becomes the religious life. Here are noticeable two Hebrew themes, the only instances of direct importation; one on the birth of Christ—"Herod's Son"—and one on the Resurrection—"Mary Magdalene." But though Hebrew in origin, universality of interest has of course made such themes the possession of the world; they are even American now, as long ago rooted in and long since lifted up to maturity of the soil of the nation's faith. To be grouped with these as expressions of the same Christ *motif* are several other poems of great spiritual elevation and imaginative charm: "The Ship of Silence"—that strange vision of the spirit's sea—a crew of souls at peace and never needing to touch one of the earth's troubled ports, with one lean, world-sated watcher on the rocks, waiting in vain for it to pass near enough for him to regain the company of its saintly brethren; also "The Spirit of Silence," "The Last Shot," "The Church Organist," and "The Open Door" are other pieces under the same grouping. These bear common testimony that while to the young poet Greece may be Holy Land, there is a land holier still—modern man's own sense of the world's solemn mystery and the soul's solemn duty and the soul's solemn fate. Where the Christ *motif* does not run through an entire poem, it often appears in a verse or as a flash of white light through a dark phrase. Thus we find the imagery of the religious life introduced into poems of pure nature: as surpliced waters swinging censers of mist; or mountain springs scattering bright baptismal dews; or May taking the veil—the gray-walled convent of the past shutting her in; or the rain telling his solemn beads of lead; or the mountain-peak, like Israel's prophet on the Red Sea, parting the mighty motion of the storm. In autumn days the mullein's yellow tapers lume the air on the hazy altars of the brown hillsides.

A third distinct movement might be called the *motif* of fairyland. The cricket turns to a scissors-grinder, sharpening fairy steel for the dew-rusted bodkins of Titania's ladies, the weapons of Oberon's men. Or he becomes Puck, blowing on his frost-bit thumbs. A spider is a granny bent with age, spinning flax; knitting blanket and sheet against the time when ice will numb the elfin bands. The dragon-fly is a knight in shining armor, hastening to court. There is a quaint shoemaker's shop with "lady slippers" hung up in the noonday sun, to fit the toes of maids when they are going to a ball on the forest moss under the midnight moon.

This in turn is the old-time metaphysics of fairyland applied to nature. Perhaps not many of the world's poets have failed to pay some respect to this phase of the world's fancy. Shakespeare himself felt the charm of these perfect little children of the human mind, and at times fondled them playfully in the arms of his grave genius.

But most of the poems in the volume still remain unconsidered. They record the poet's personal relation to his theme. It is not Greece now, nor Palestine, nor fairyland, nor any other country; it is not the past of the world's thought. Here is shown the poet's power to see his subject as independently as though he were the first thinker of his race. Tear out of this volume all the poems which show influence—even where stray seeds of culture have taken root and flowered into

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spots of manifest color over the garden of verse—and there yet remain more poems which prove the writer to be a poet because in them his thoughts are his own and these thoughts are poetry.

Usually the themes are simple—unworldly, unsordid. They fall into two classes: poems of nature and poems of the heart. The nature is always American nature, and the heart is never the American heart; that is, there is not in the book a single merely patriotic or national poem, not a line about that one part of human life which is measured by our republic and our civilization. It is enough for this part that the heart be human—and true. As a result the best of these poems of humanity do not seem to come from any place. They are not Southern literature, or Northern literature, or United States literature; they are merely true for all lands and beautiful to all fine souls.

Six might be mentioned as an illustration of the poet's range. At the top of the scale—the very voice of joy and spirit of lightness—could be placed "St. Valentine's Day." A little lower down, light-hearted still, yet shadowed with pathos, stands "The Daffodil Maid." A good deal lower down in quietude and thoughtfulness comes the reverie, "If Like a Rose." Dropped far lower in grave imagery and in the simple sadness of its vast outcry stands "Love's Advent." Far below this in the depth of personal grief and longing is "The Lover's Elegy,"—a poem hard to match anywhere in literature. At the bottom—dark, deep, abysmal, the lowest abode of conscience and of gloom—is "The Crypts of the Heart."

Three poems illustrate the blending of nature and feeling and are well-nigh perfect: "The Robin's Creed," "Sparrows," "The Fountain." They should go into the school-readers of the land—to be read and learned by children before they quite understand them, and in after life to be more deeply understood and loved by men and women with battles, troubles, sorrows.

Of the poems of pure nature some are very beautiful; others contain repetitions and possible deflections from good taste. On the whole they prove the poet to possess the true reading eyes—the eyes that must read the earth's opened volume, so open, so little read.

This is Mr. Valentine's first book. It makes its appearance with the distinction of unobtrusiveness. There is a certain triumph for literature in the fact that a man should find, as the chief concerns of his art, the beauty of the world in which we must all live, and the beauty of the human spirit which we should all share. To succeed on these heights is success indeed.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Commoner Condensed (The). By William Jennings Bryan. The Abbey Press, New York. 5½×8½ in. 469 pages.

Four hundred pages ot the four hundred and sixty in this volume are made up of editorials on subjects of continued interest, which appeared in the "Commoner" during its first year, and the remaining few pages are largely taken up with the author's contributions on similar subjects to other journals, and reprinted in his own paper. None of the editorials or reprinted articles have been recast in any degree—the author's work in editing the volume having been that of selection rather than condensation. As the volume stands, it presents in compact form, indexed and ready for the use of both friends and enemies, the best things the author has said upon questions of the day since he became an editor. Inasmuch as the author is the foremost representative of some of the radical tendencies in our political life, the volume possesses an interest which rarely attaches to reprinted editorials.

De Esclava á Catedrático. Autobiografía de Booker T. Wáshington. Vertida del Inglés al Español por Alfredo Elías y Pujol. Con Varias Ilustraciones. D. Appleton y Compañia, Nueva York. 4½×7 in. 297 pages.

Naturally, The Outlook, as the journal which published Mr. Washington's "Up from Slavery," is interested and pleased in noticing that a translation of that book has been made into Spanish. The intention is to give an opportunity to the colored young men in Cuba and Porto Rico, the former of whom have recently become citizens of a free republic, the latter

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citizens of a dependency of the United States, an opportunity to note what has been done in this country in the direction of the elevation of the race. We need hardly say that this book is admirably fitted for that purpose. No other book as good for such an end has been published. The volume is well printed and contains Mr. Clark's portrait of Mr. Washington and several other of the illustrations which originally appeared in The Outlook.

Drift of Song (A). By Charles G. Blandon. William S. Lord, Evanston, Ill. 5×6½ in. 60 pages.

Gordian Knot (The). By Arthur T. Pierson. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 3¾×6½ in. 264 pages. 60c., net. (Postage 5c.)

Written with Dr. Pierson's characteristic vigor and clearness, this volume is more likely to confirm believers than to convince doubters. Part of its argument served better in past years than it can for the present, at least for those who are pressed by the difficulties raised by recent science and criticism. The teleological proof of theism needs a more modern statement than it here receives; likewise the argument from Old Testament prophecy. The list given of books helpful to those who would read further includes much that is antiquated and comparatively unserviceable.

Great Mottoes with Great Lessons: Addresses to Children. By G. Currie Martin, M.A., B.D. H. R. Allenson, 2 Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, E.C., London, England. 5×7½ in. 201 pages. $1.

In any list of sermonic literature for children and youth this collection should take place at the top. The biographical and historical groundwork is full of fresh interest; the ethical teaching is sound and strong; the religious spirit and aim dominate the whole.

Great Issues (The): Reprints of Some Editorials from The American, 1897-1900. Wharton Barker, 119 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 391 pages.

The short editorial on "The Defense and Defenders of Human Rights" which serves as the preface to this volume is pitched too high and is likely to repel the ears which most need to hear what Mr. Barker has to say in some of the calmer editorials which follow. These are unusually full of instruction—particularly the editorials discussing different phases of the railroad problem. Mr. Barker, it may be recalled, was the candidate of the Anti-Fusion Populists at the last Presidential election, and this volume of reprinted editorials from his paper, the "American," proves that he is devoting not only his fortune but his very soul to the measures his party advocates. We are glad to see that he considers direct legislation the most important of these measures. He is willing to wait for the realization of the rest until a positive majority of the people of the country are persuaded to give them their indorsement.

Hymns of the Faith (Dhammapada). Translated from the Pâli by Albert J. Edmunds. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5¼×8 in. 109 pages.

A small anthology of Buddhist devotional poetry compiled from the utterances of Gotamo and his disciples, from early hymns by Buddhist monks and from the popular poetic proverbs of India. The volume is prefaced by an introduction from the Chinese. The hymns deal with very familiar topics—earnestness, the heart, flowers, evil, old age, the world, happiness, pleasure, anger, etc.—but the imagery, the illustration, and the expression are thoroughly Oriental. The hymns are sometimes characterized by the indefiniteness and elusiveness of Oriental wisdom, but for the most part they are entirely intelligible and backed with substantial thought.

Integrity of Scripture: Plain Reasons for Rejecting the Critical Hypothesis. By Rev. John Smith, M.A., D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 283 pages. $1.25.

When Murray remarked to Dr. Johnson that truth would always bear examination, Johnson replied, "Yes, sir, but it is painful to be forced to defend it. Consider, sir, how should you like, though conscious of your innocence, to be tried before a jury for a capital crime once a week?" The author of "The Integrity of Scripture" believes that the Bible can bear examination, but he finds it painful to defend it against the Higher Criticism. He considers the entire method of modern literary and historical study of the Bible merely the way by which "men embroider their vain thoughts on the imperishable substance of Scripture"! He is frankly a traditionalist; but that his traditionalism differs radically from the traditionalism of a generation ago, and even from the popular traditionalism of the day, may be gathered from this sentence: "Therefore, whether dealing externally with the text, or internally with the truth, we ought to present it as that which has affinity with all the thinkings of man, and can vindicate itself at the bar of universal reason."

Jewish Encyclopedia (The): A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Prepared by More than Four Hundred Scholars and Specialists under the Direction of the Following Editorial Board: Cyrus Adler, Ph.D.; Gotthard Deutsch, Ph.D.; Richard Gottheil, Ph.D.; Joseph Jacobs, B.A.; Morris Jastrow, Ph.D.; Frederick de Sola Mendes, Ph.D.; Isidore Singer, Ph.D., and Others. Vol. II. Apocrypha—Benash. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 7¼×11 in. 685 pages.

The belief expressed in our notice of the first volume of this great work, the joint product of Jewish and Christian specialists, has been confirmed in the world-wide interest that it seems at once to have attracted. Its design of embracing everything importantly affecting the social and domestic, the political and religious life of the Jewish people, dispersed as it is and has been throughout the world, is comprehensive of a multitude of topics that are not suggested by its title, *e.g.*, Aristotle, as the Greek who most impressed the Jewish mind; Athanasius, for his theological controversies with Jews; Arkansas, for the Jewish communities there; the *auto da fé* of the Spanish Inquisition, in which thousands of Jews suffered; Baptists, for the religious tolerance by which Jews benefited. Under the title "Army," the military activity of Jews is recorded down to the recent Spanish and South African wars. While Assyria is very briefly treated, fifteen pages are given to Babylonia, as having been for the thousand

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years of the mediæval period "the very focus of Judaism." An interesting and significant feature of the work is the demonstration it gives of the revived interest of Jewish scholars in Biblical research, and their purpose to restore the study of their sacred writings to the primacy long usurped by the Talmud and the mass of works affiliated with it. A large number of the more important articles on Biblical topics place before Christian students, in sections exhibiting the rabbinical and often the Mohammedan views, material hardly accessible elsewhere. The generally conservative attitude of Jews in points affected by the higher criticism is treated with due consideration. The conservative and the critical view are sharply distinguished, while the reader is furnished with all the material requisite for independent judgment. The biographical department is especially rich. The list of illustrations fills nearly six pages. The form and style of the volume are creditable to its publishers.

Lafitte of Louisiana. By Mary Devereux. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 427 pages. $1.50.

Little Leaders. Editorial Echoes. Two Volumes. By William Morton Payne. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 4½×7 in.

These volumes of moderate compass are made up of leading articles written by Mr. William Morton Payne for the Chicago "Dial." The journal in which these brief papers appeared has no superior among the literary journals of the country in intelligence, dignity, and weight. It has always treated literature with the utmost seriousness and with the fullest knowledge. It has never sought by any lightness of tone or by the introduction of the personal element to secure a large constituency, but has addressed itself to thinkers, scholars, and students of literature. Its circulation, therefore, has not been wide, but its influence has been distinct. To Mr. F. F. Browne and to Mr. Payne the character and quality of the criticism and discussion in the columns of the "Dial" have been due; and these two volumes, selected from the contributions of Mr. Payne, represent the "Dial" at its best. Mr. Payne's work is conspicuous for knowledge of his subjects, for clearness of thought, for definiteness of conviction, and for frankness. In some respects he more nearly approaches the best critics of Europe than any other American who is now doing critical work. His knowledge of modern literature, especially of the literature of the north of Europe, is comprehensive and minute. He is in touch with the modern movement everywhere. Readers of The Outlook will recall his admirable study of Ibsen which recently appeared in its columns. He belongs with men of what may be called the scientific temper and attitude in criticism rather than with the critics of purely literary taste and feeling. There is an occasional note of hardness, an occasional lack of sympathy or sensitiveness in his dealing with some aspects of literature and with some writers; but it is not necessary to agree with all his positions in order to recognize the solidity of his work, his high aims, and his very valuable service to criticism in this country.

Nuevo Diccionario de Pronunciación de las Lenguas Inglesa y Española. Por Mariano Velazquez de la Cadena. Nueva Edicion. Segunda Parte: Ingles-Español. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Spanish and English are the two most widely spread languages. Within the past few years the relations between them have become intimate, largely because of the consequences of the Spanish-American war. The construction of an Isthmian Canal will make the relations between the two languages still more intimate. Hence we welcome the appearance of the second volume of what will undoubtedly be regarded as the standard Spanish-English dictionary. The treatise of Velazquez, which for half a century has been the basis of other dictionaries, has received the addition of many thousand new titles and also several hundred idioms, in which, as is well known, the Castilian is especially rich. In this second volume we note that the number of commercial and scientific terms added is gratifyingly large, thus emphasizing the practical and up-to-date character of the entire work.

Ode on the Coronation of King Edward. By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 6½×9¼ in. 34 pages. $1, net. (Postage 10c.)

This is a fine piece of verse; dignified, even lofty in some of the stanzas, expressing a noble conception of the work of the English race and the significance of English authority in all parts of the globe; stately in form as such an ode ought to be, without a touch of servility; profoundly ethical in spirit; a comprehensive interpretation of the highest ideals of the English people.

Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward VII. By William Watson. John Lane, New York. 5×7¾ in. 53 pages.

Mr. Watson's latest poem has great dignity, the weight of thought which is always present in his work, and contains many examples of his felicity of diction. His imagination responds not only to the impressiveness of the magnitude of the British Empire, its great variety of climates, soils, and peoples, but also to the heroic notes in its history; and the ode, like that of Mr. Bliss Carman, is on the highest ethical plane in its interpretation of the English spirit and destiny, and in its urgent appeal to the noblest aims of Englishmen.

Political History of the United States. By J. P. Gordy, Ph.D. (Second Edition, Thoroughly Revised.) Vol. II. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 581 pages. $1.75.

It is a part of the irony of history that volumes devoted to the early Democratic Administrations should chiefly be taken up with matters of diplomacy, for it was an essential part of the Jeffersonian creed that the passion for diplomacy was only less hateful than the passion for war. Mr. Gordy's present volume, covering the Administrations of Madison, Monroe, and the younger Adams, is even more distinctively a diplomatic history than the occasion required—and this of course is saying a great deal. Upon an important point, however, the author seems to exaggerate the importance of domestic legislation and minimizes the influence of international events. The panic of 1818–19 is treated as if it were

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chiefly the outcome of our own banking policy, and only in a foot-note is it pointed out that the return to specie payments in Europe had caused falling prices all over the world. As a matter of fact, prices in England, according to Jevons's table, fell to one-half the level reached during the Napoleonic wars, and the prostration of industry there was as great as, if not greater than, here. The international change in the purchasing power of gold and silver was influenced relatively little by the legislation of this country—for this country was then of relatively little importance in the commercial world.

Problems of the Town Church. By George A. Miller, B.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 201 pages. 75c., net.

The town church is here used in distinction from the church of the city. The author justly says that as the village and rural population is undervalued, so the churches of the country districts, the villages, and the smaller towns have not received their rightful share of attention. In a score of very practical chapters he writes constructively of the ways by which such churches can do their work. The functions of the church that pertain to worship and devotion are practically ignored—wisely, we think—as not within the field which this book aims to cover, the active and aggressive life of the church. "Ways of doing things" are presented as "of vital consequence" in these days of steam-cylinder and the telephone (which are, after all, only methods). The book is based on a wide observation and is full of concrete illustration. It will doubtless prove very useful. It is cheaply printed, but the price is small. A classified bibliography is appended.

Progression to Immortality. By Henry S. Brooks. The A. Wessels Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 79 pages.

This book has the great merit of suggestiveness in the true direction, as well as of brevity. Its defect to many will seem to lie in a sharp separation of God and nature, so that inspiration is conceived as a divine approach from above, rather than as a divine quickening from within. The work amply repays perusal.

Prompt Aid to the Injured: A Manual of Instruction. By Alvah H. Doty, M.D. (Fourth Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 302 pages. $1.50.

This fourth edition of a book which has proved itself practical and useful has been brought up to date, the chapter on disinfection rewritten in order that it may be in harmony with the most recent investigations in this direction, and the drill regulations of the hospital corps now used by the United States Army introduced.

Romance of Leonardo da Vinci (The). By Dimitri Merejkowski. Translated by Herbert Trench. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 463 pages. $1.50.

The title of this story in the Russian was "The Resurrection of the Gods." It forms the second number of a trilogy, of which the first volume was called "The Death of the Gods." We have already spoken at some length of that book, and we shall at a later date have something to say about the present volume. We will merely say now that these books are vivid in imaginative power, and are worth serious attention from the student of Russian fiction and from the general reader also.

Story of Chartres (The). By Cecil Headlam. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 361 pages. $2.

Mr. Headlam had one of the richest cities to treat in his contribution to the series of Mediæval Towns, and has made a book which, like its predecessors, is not only an account of the Chartres of to-day but an excellent compact history, delightfully illustrated by Mr. Herbert Railton, with a map and well indexed. The volume is one of the most attractive in a series which both to the eye and to the thought has been exceptionally successful.

Strategy of Nature (The). By Marshall Bruce Williams. R. Brimley Johnson, London, England. 6¼×8 in. 53 pages.

Temple Bible (The). The Gospel According to St. Luke. Edited by M. R. Vincent, D.D. The Book of Daniel and the Minor Prophets. Edited by R. Sinker, D.D. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4×5¼ in. 60c., net, per volume.

The best thing in this series is, as we have said before, its tables of Biblical references in English literature. The text is that of King James's version. The editor of Daniel and the Minor Prophets holds to the traditional view, that the book of Jonah is a historical rather than an imaginative work, and likewise accepts the traditional account of the book of Daniel.

Unspeakable Scot (The). By T. W. H. Crosland. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 215 pages. $1.50.

A criticism of Scotland and the Scotch, drawn out by the Scotch successes and the Scotch popularity of the last fifteen years; a very clumsy and ineffective piece of work, to which it is to be hoped Mr. Andrew Lang or Mr. Barrie will give attention. A few points are well made, but where a rapier would be effective a bludgeon is out of place, and this book is a very heavy and unwieldy bludgeon.

West Point in the Early Sixties: With Incidents of the War. By Joseph Pearson Farley, U.S.A. Illustrated. The Pafraets Book Co., Troy, N. Y. 5½×9 in. 201 pages. $2, net.

World's Shrine (A). By Virginia W. Johnson. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 287 pages. $1.20, net. (Postage, 10c.)

The shrine is Como in Lombardy, the patron saint is Pliny the Younger. The book's cover design threatens the intending reader like an ugly portal, and a confusion of metaphors in the first paragraph appears like a heap of ruins at his entrance; but thereafter the descriptions, the comments, the historical allusions, and the records of personal experiences about this Italian lake are pleasant and readable. The various chapters might be termed strolls, some taken with intent of getting impressions of historic events, some for the purpose of observing the people, and some for pure love of nature. The illustrations are half-tone reproductions.

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Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

A lady asks me to make out a long course of reading on French history for her, and I come to you for assistance. She is not at all versed in the French language, so the works must be those obtainable in English. She has access to a fine public library, so all ordinary books will be at her command.
H. B. S.

History and Biography: Kirkland's "History of France" (McClurg, Chicago); Duruy's "History of France" (Crowell, New York); Parmele's "The Evolution of an Empire" (Harison, New York); Watson's "History of France" (Macmillan, New York); Sergeant's "The Franks" (Putnam, New York); Jewett's "The Normans" (Putnam); Masson's "Mediæval France" (Putnam); Hutton's "Philip Augustus" (Macmillan); Stoddard's "Bertrand du Guesclin" (Putnam); Bearne's "Pictures of the Old French Court" (Dutton, New York); Hanna's "The Wars of the Huguenots" (Treat, New York); Lodge's "Richelieu" (Macmillan); Sichel's "The Household of the Lafayettes" (Macmillan); Tower's "Lafayette and the American Revolution" (Lippincott, Philadelphia); Biré's "Diary of a Citizen of Paris" (Dodd, New York); Rose's "The Revolutionary and Napoleonic Era" (Macmillan); Martin's "Napoleon" (Ginn, New York); Gibbs's "Napoleon's Military Career" (Werner, New York); Sargent's "Bonaparte's First Campaign," "The Campaign of Marengo" (McClurg); Pulitzer's "The Romance of Prince Eugene" (Dodd); Chateaubriand's "Memoirs" (Putnam); Rochefort's "Adventures of My Life" (Arnold, New York); Lebon's "Modern France" (Putnam).

Historical Novels. Five great French writers of historical novels are: Dumas, Hugo, Balzac, Gras, and Erckmann-Chatrian. The English titles of some of the historical novels by Dumas père are: "Duguesclin," "Isabel of Bavaria," "Queen Margot," "The Lady of Monsoreau," "The Forty-Five," "The Three Guardsmen," "Twenty Years After," "The Viscount of Bragelonne," "The Chevalier of Harmentel," "A Daughter of the Regent," "Joseph Balsamo," "The Queen's Necklace," "Ange Pitou," "The Countess of Charny," "A Chevalier of the Maison-Rouge," "The Whites and the Blues," "The Companions of Jehu," and "The Red Rose" (Little, Brown, Boston). Victor Hugo's purely historical novels are: "Notre Dame of Paris," "The Man Who Laughs," and "Ninety-Three" (Crowell). Some of Balzac's are: "Master Cornelius," "Catharine de' Medici," "The Calvinist Martyr," "The Chouans," "A Mysterious Affair," "The Reverse of Contemporary History," and "The Curé of Tours" (Macmillan). Félix Gras has written: "The Reds of the Midi," "The Terror," and "The White Terror" (Appleton). The Erckmann-Chatrian historical novels are: "Madame Thérèse," "The Conscript," "Waterloo," "The Blockade of Phalsburg," "The Invasion of France," and "The Plebiscite" (Scribner, New York). Two notable English writers of historical novels, the scenes of which are laid in France, are Sir Walter Scott in "Quentin Durward." and Mr. Stanley Weyman in "A Gentleman of France," "From the Memoirs of a Minister of France," "Under the Red Robe," and "Count Hannibal" (Longmans, New York).

1. Is Lyman Abbott a higher critic? 2. Please reconcile for me the first chapter of Genesis with the theory of evolution. 3. Is George Kennan an American by birth?
C. K. A.

1. Dr. Abbott does not consider himself such. A higher critic is one who devotes himself to special studies in the history of the Biblical books. So far as higher critics agree in their conclusions, Dr. Abbott accepts them. 2. This is too large an order to fill here in detail. In general, the reconciliation is effected at a stroke by the evolutionist interpretation of the phrase, "God created." Distinguish between *immediate* creation, like that of a statue by the sculptor, and creation *mediate*, like that of a winged insect from the egg through the intermediate form of the grub. Mediate creation, the production of higher forms of life from lower, is in brief the theory of evolution. 3. Yes; born at Norwalk, Ohio.

Can you inform me who wrote the pretty little poem beginning,

"Jack in the pulpit preaches to-day
Under the green tree just over the way"?

In the "Fairyland of Flowers" it is signed Clara Smith, and all search on my part has failed to discover the author.
H. S.

Kindly inform me who wrote the inclosed lines, in what connection they can be found, and The Outlook's conception of their meaning:

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not the semblance but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist.
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour,
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard:
Enough that he heard it once, we shall hear it by and by."
E. K. H.

Some reader perhaps can give the proper reference. The thought embodied is that *the ideal is the real.* The true, the beautiful, the good, which we imperfectly conceive, and often fail to realize, are eternal realities, and will ultimately disclose themselves as such.

Inclosed find three verses of one of the poems asked for by "F. P." in Notes and Queries, July 5.
E. E. B.

SLEEP

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."—Psalms cxxvii., 2.

He sees when their footsteps falter, when their heart grows weak and faint;
He marks when their strength is failing, and listens to each complaint!
He bids them rest for a season, for the pathway has grown too steep;
And folded in fair green pastures,
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn-out children, that sigh for the daylight's close,
He knows that they oft are longing for home and its sweet repose;
So he calls them in from their labors ere the shadows around them creep,
And silently watching o'er them,
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, oh, so gently! as a mother will hush to rest
The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly on her breast;
Forgotten are now the trials and sorrows that made them weep;
For with many a soothing promise
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

"S. P. B." For information upon the subject of your inquiry consult Dr. R. Osgood Mason's book, "Telepathy and the Subliminal Self." (Holt & Co., New York, $1.50.)

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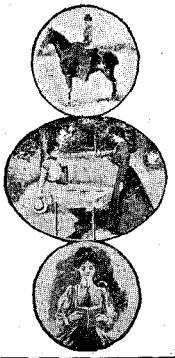

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